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The Impeachment of Governor Sulzer

Before the High Court of Impeachment at Albany on Thursday of last week began the trial of William Sulzer, Governor of the State of New York, on charges of high crimes and misdemeanors. The Court as organized consisted of fifty-seven members (forty-eight Senators and nine Judges of the Court of Appeals), with Chief Judge Edgar M. Cullen presiding. Thirty-nine votes are, accordingly, necessary for conviction, but there is a possibility of a change in this number by the admission of a Senator or a Judge absent at the first session. The defense's contention that Senators who framed and expressed their belief in the charges are not eligible to sit in judgment thereon has been rejected by the High Court by a unanimous vote. Another contention was that members of the Court of Appeals who were not elected as such, but designated from the Supreme Court bench to serve on the Court of Appeals, should not be members of the High Court. Judge Cullen's opinion that this contention was groundless was readily accepted by both sides. The eight charges against Governor Sulzer, summarized in the briefest way, are, that he filed a false statement and affidavit as to his campaign receipts and expenses, knowing them to be untrue; that by bribes, threats, dissuasion, and deceit he prevented witnesses from testifying before the Legislature's investigating committee; that he applied campaign contributions to his own use and in part to stock speculation; that he wrongly used his power as Governor to affect the votes or political action of public officers, and even to affect stock prices by first pressing and then withdrawing support for certain legislation. One of the most important preliminary points to be decided by the High Court will be how far, if at all, these charges relate to acts done before Mr. Sulzer became Governor, and, if there are such charges, how far as to them the jurisdiction of the High Court extends. A brief on this point drawn up by the prosecuting managers declares, as to a political candidate:

> He is certainly subject to the direction of the law from the moment he is nominated. By this corrupt practices legislation the position of a candidate is legally indissolubly linked with that of the official. It is as much required that he shall make this statement of the amounts received by him and the expenditures as it is required that he shall take the official oath as Governor when inaugurated. The one cannot be separated from the other, and one is as positive a direction as is the other.
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> The making of a false statement of receipts and expenditures is just as much a violation of duty and the commission of a crime as is the violation of the official oath taken on induction into office. He who deliberately fills out a false statement in November is not fitted, nor fit, for public office in January; he who commits larceny in October may not be intrusted with the responsibilities of high office three months later.

But, the argument continues, impeachment is a concurrent method of prosecution with indictment, and all reason and public interest require that an ill-doing Governor should be impeached instantly, so that he may not, pending ordinary indictment and prosecution, exercise his office and even conceivably appoint the very judges who might try him on indictment.

Big Tim

For nearly two weeks the body of a man whose face was probably familiar to more people on the lower East Side of New York than any other man in the city lay unrecognized in one of the city morgues. By the merest chance it was discovered that it was Big Tim Sullivan, who had been wandering in a railway yard and had been killed by a locomotive. If a certain policeman had not happened to pass by the body, it would probably have found burial in the Potter's Field, and the end of Big Tim's life would have been forever a mystery. As it was, his burial was accompanied with the ceremony that one associates with a great public man. At his funeral there were pres-

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ent six United States Senators and many others in high station. Appropriately enough, the most conspicuous figure present, taking precedence of judges and Senators, was the Boss of Tammany Hall. Timothy D. Sullivan was a feudal lord. The basis of his lordship differed from that which underlay the feudal powers of the mediæval baron in that it rested, not upon the possession of land, but upon political prominence. Otherwise Big Tim was as truly a paramount disposer as if he had been possessor of a castle and numberless acres in mediæval Europe. His retainers did not, it is true, lend to him their support by bearing arms, except incidentally. The command of gangs of ruffians was a useful part, perhaps, of his control over his liege retainers. The service that his followers rendered him was by their votes. And in return he was a generous and at times even lavish provider. Dispenser of bread to the hungry and of shoes and clothing to the ill clad, patron of picnics and outings from which mothers and children doubtless derived much benefit, benefactor of individuals who came to him for alms, Big Tim was undoubtedly for the most part a kind lord and master. All that he asked from his beneficiaries in return was the yielding up of their liberties. If New York City has a bad eminence as a home of graft, corruption, industrial injustice, and plutocracy, it is due to that feudalistic system of which Big Tim and his retainers furnished perhaps the most complete and wonderful example. Party politics in this country has been left so much to such as he that it is going to be a hard and long task to rid the land of what might be called, in paradoxical phrase, feudalistic democracy. This form of feudalism is giving way. We shall probably not have again Big Tim's equal; but it is only as those who desire fair conditions in life and a larger measure of social justice engage also in warfare against this feudalistic system, against the power of the boss and the enslavement of the voter, that they will achieve their purpose.

The Government and Publicity

One of the proposed amendments to the General Deficiency Bill now before Congress provides that "no money appropriated by this or any other act shall be used for the compensation of any publicity expert, unless specifically appropriated for that purpose." This amendment ought not to be allowed to pass by being slipped through unnoticed. This is a case in which Congress ought to be self-restrained. That amendment is, in fact, a proposal that Congress shall exercise an executive function. Everybody who thinks at all on the subject will recognize that it is essential that a democratic Government should not only be responsive to the people's will, but open to the people's scrutiny; and, moreover, that what it does should not be concealed behind technicalities and details, but should be reported in terms that the people can understand. Here, for example, is the Department of Agriculture. One of its important duties, if not its chief duty, is to convey to those who are engaged in agriculture information that is based on scientific study which will be of practical value to the farmer. How shall this information be conveyed? Shall it be prepared by those who have made the investigation and are expert in research? Or shall it be prepared by those who are specially trained, not in research, but in writing? That is distinctly an executive question. Congress ought to appropriate the money necessary to secure the information and to disseminate it, but the details of the method of securing that information and disseminating it Congress should leave to the responsible executive officials.

The Commission Government of a Canadian City

For a year and a half the city of St. John, New Brunswick, has been governed by four Commissioners and a Mayor. Neither overwhelming disaster, as was the case in Galveston, Texas, nor any sudden revelation of deep-seated corruption, as has been the case in some other American cities, was the cause of the adoption of this most modern form of city government. The citizens of St. John merely came to the conclusion that there were too many cooks engaged in the manufacture of their municipal broth—with a city council of seventeen aldermen it was too difficult a proposition to separate the efficient from the inefficient, to place responsibility for failure, or to give due credit for good work. Under the new system each Commissioner is directly responsible, and is held accountable for a particular department. The Mayor, elected for a term of two years, is given control of the Department of Finance and Public Affairs. The Commissioners, elected for terms of four years each, divide

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among themselves, according to their individual training or inclination, the remaining departments of Public Safety, Public Works, Water and Sewage, and Harbors and Public Lands. Under these various Commissioners are the non-elective heads of the respective divisions of the city government, each one directly responsible to the Commissioner to whom he owes his appointment, but each one with full power of suspension and dismissal over his own subordinates. Candidates for the office of Mayor or Commissioner are nominated by petition, without the intervention of any party organization. If there are more than two candidates for any office, a primary election is held and all but the two candidates receiving the highest number of votes are eliminated from the race. The new charter of St. John makes ample provision for the recall of unsatisfactory officials, and provides machinery for the operation of both the initiative and the referendum. Apparently the citizens of St. John are not so instinctively fearful of their own judgment as those Americans who profess to see in any mention of the recall or the referendum an invitation to substitute "mob rule" for law and order. So far as can be seen after so short a trial, St. John's venture in centralized authority has been eminently successful. Already there has been a tremendous improvement made in the condition of at least her main streets. A better method of assessment for local improvements has been successfully introduced. The entire system of water mains is being modernized, and, under the supervision of the Department of Harbors and Public Lands, provision is being made for that increasingly great amount of traffic from the Far West which finds at St. John a deep and ice-free port of shipment. The old form of American city charter, with its system of checks and balances, constructed after the Federal analogy, was based on the adage, "Don't put all your eggs in one basket." The commission form, toward which our cities are slowly but surely turning, is based on the injunction, "Put all your eggs in *one* basket, and then keep your eye on that basket!"

Farmers' Wives and Rural Problems

Not the least interesting news of last week came from Washington, but it relates not to currency reform, the Mexican situation, or to any of the several subjects that are now providing from the capital what the newspapers consider "good copy." Secretary of Agriculture Houston, according to despatches, has written to fifty thousand farmers' wives the country over requesting their co-operation with his Department, and inclosing stamped envelopes in which the women are asked to submit whatever suggestions they care to make regarding the needs of the communities in which they live. The women may give their individual opinions or they may discuss the matter in their social organizations or church societies, submitting a symposium in reply. Any information relating to the problems of rural life which the correspondents think should be known to the Department will be gladly received at Washington. It has been requested that all replies be made before November 15, a date that leaves the women ample time for cogitation after the rush of harvesting has subsided. Secretary Houston's letter goes to about a score of the principal farms in each of the country's twenty-eight hundred counties, and it is believed that the replies will bear the impress of the views of half a million farm women. The Secretary determined upon this procedure, it is said, after receiving a letter from a man who thoroughly understands the needs of the portion of the population engaged in tilling the soil, in which the writer said: "The farm woman has been the most neglected factor in the rural problem, and she has been especially neglected by the National Department of Agriculture." So far as we know, this is the first time that a Secretary of Agriculture, in mapping out his course, has ever taken into the counsel of the Government the farmer's wife as a human being rather than as an adjunct to the farm—and an adjunct very much in the background at that—and we are glad to record our approval of Secretary Houston's innovation. If the farm women respond as freely as we believe they will, the Department of Agriculture will have in its possession a mass of information that should enable the Secretary to act more directly towards the needs of the people.

High Food Prices

Special interest attaches for two reasons to a new Bulletin of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics about retail prices of food articles. It has been very generally said that, while prices were high a year or so ago, they have since declined. The Bulletin shows that this

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is too optimistic a view of the situation. The second reason why this Bulletin has special interest just now is that it brings the story of high prices nearly up to date, and thus it will afford in the future a basis of comparison with the level of prices reached after the new Tariff Bill becomes law and has been in operation for some time. There are those who, in our judgment, lay altogether too much stress upon the influence of the tariff on general prices, who as ardent Democrats are apparently regarding the proposed tariff change as a panacea for all the evils of life. The time will come before long when a scientific comparison of actual figures will test that contention. The record of this Bulletin shows the actual prices for the months of May and June, 1913, as compared with those of the same months in 1912. It also summarizes retail prices from 1900 to 1913. The general comparison certainly indicates a practically continuous increase in food prices to consumers. Thus, if we compare June 15, 1913, with the same day in 1912, we find that out of the fifteen articles for which prices are given eleven have advanced and four declined. Among the articles which show the largest advance in price are bacon (16.2 per cent increase) and sirloin steak (9.8 per cent increase). The four food articles which declined in the year were potatoes, sugar, wheat flour, and corn-meal. But when the Bulletin goes on to compare retail prices of necessary food products as they were on June 15, 1913, with the average prices for the same period from 1890 to 1900, it appears that every one of the fifteen articles except sugar is higher in price. Thus it may be deduced from the statistics given that in the middle of last June the prices to the workman for the things actually used in his family were on a noticeably higher level than they have been at any time during the last twenty-three and a half years, with the single exception of the month of November, 1912, when the average was slightly higher. The compilers of this Bulletin gave actual prices from retail dealers in six important Eastern cities, obtained by special agents for this purpose. We need not point out that it is important to bear in mind the level of food prices in estimating the value of wages and in dealing intelligently with the cost of living problem as it applies to those who have small incomes.

The International Student Congress and World Peace

When the citizens of two countries are on friendly terms, war between those two nations is practically impossible. If every American had been possessed of a friend in Spain in the spring of 1898, the issues that were decided on the battlefields of the Spanish-American War could hardly have reached an acute stage; and if to-day every resident of the United States enjoyed the friendship of a subject of the Mikado, talk of war between this Nation and Japan would sound absurd. More effective than all discussion of disarmament and all resolutions of local peace societies is the friendly mingling of the men of different nations; and when these men are potentially the intellectual leaders of their peoples, as was the case with the members of the eighth International Congress of Students who were banqueted at the Hotel Astor, New York City, by the New York Peace Society last week, such international intercourse gains particular value. The seventy or more young men at the dinner were some of the two hundred and eight students of thirty nationalities who had attended the business sessions of the Congress at Ithaca, New York, from August 29 to September 3. The International Federation of Students, or "Corda Fratres," founded at Turin in November, 1898, was born of the same spirit that brought about the first Hague Peace Conference the following year. The object of the Federation is to unite the students of the world, to spread among them a knowledge of the facts of international relations and give impetus to the movement for international peace. Beginning on a small scale, the Corda Fratres has grown until it now embraces students from practically every civilized country, who take back from the biennial conferences the spirit of a broad cosmopolitanism which is the best possible foundation for "the universal *entente*" toward which the student alliance is working. In order to succeed, any movement for international comity must appeal to the average man and woman, as Mr. N. B. Langdon-Davies, of Cambridge University, pointed out at the New York banquet, and he went on to show that as yet the peace movement has not succeeded in so doing. "One way to win the sympathy of the average man is to appeal to his imagination," said Mr. Langdon-Davies, "which is just what the militarists

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have long been doing." Such affairs as these cosmopolitan student conferences beget the international spirit, out of which international peace must come, and if the "average man" can't acquire this spirit directly he may perhaps get it indirectly from these students, from whose ranks we may expect the leaders of men and the molders of national opinion in the next generation.

Child Labor for Child Laborers

The National Child Labor Committee believes that, even if children should be prevented from working for the benefit of "grown-ups," they should be encouraged to work for each other. With this object in view the Committee has issued a pamphlet telling in the simplest language the stories of the "trapper" and "breaker" boys of the Pennsylvania coal mines, the "doffer" boys and the girl spinners of the Georgia cotton mills, and the "mold" boys who work before the blistering furnaces in our glass factories. This admirable pamphlet is graphically illustrated with photographs of actual children at actual tasks. That children can take an active part in the fight to benefit their less fortunate brothers and sisters is not to be doubted. Arousing their interest in the army of child laborers enlisted in so many of our industries is of value not only for whatever direct result may be obtained, but indirectly for its effect upon the children who give their mites to the cause. Certainly no effort to educate the next generation as to the inevitable result of the short-sighted sacrifice of the greatest of our natural resources—our children—can be regarded as a futile endeavor. Together with these excellent and happily unsentimental stories which we have mentioned, the pamphlet contains a section for "grown-ups." This section contains a vivid account of the long fight which has been made for better laws governing the employment of children in the State of Georgia. As The Outlook reported in its issue of August 30, in that State it is still legally possible for a ten-year-old child to be employed for an eleven-hour day. As Dr. A. J. McKelway, Secretary for the Southern States National Child Labor Committee, points out, when adult men have thought it necessary to fight for and to secure an eight-hour day in so many occupations, the viciousness of an eleven-hour day for ten-year-old children needs no comment.

The Firemen's Memorial

Probably no public servant is more urgently needed, when the need for him arises, than the fireman; and probably no other serves humanity with greater gallantry and at greater personal peril. Therefore the Firemen's Monument at One Hundredth Street and Riverside Drive, New York City, is a memorial which not alone the ten thousand people who were present at the unveiling ceremonies on September 5, but many additional thousands, will regard with serious and genuine feeling. The unveiling ceremonies came as the climax of the week's convention of the International Association of Fire Engineers, which brought to New York about twelve hundred fire chiefs from all parts of America, as well as from Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia, who gathered at the Grand Gentral Palace, which was filled with hundreds of types of fire apparatus and fire-prevention appliances. The discussions held at the Convention brought to light the alarming prevalence of arson in New York City. A touching feature of the ceremonies was the actual unveiling of the memorial by a group of young girls, children of firemen who had died in the performance of their duty. Our fire heroes are too numerous to remember by name, and the memorial will serve a useful purpose if it helps to stimulate in the citizens and strangers in New York a high ideal of service on behalf of others, and to keep in mind the great value of a fire protective system to any big city and the importance of keeping that system up to the highest point of efficiency, and also if it reminds a commercial city of the quiet heroism of a host of men whose daily work is perilous in the extreme. The suggestion for a memorial to the firemen who lost their lives in the performance of their duty was originally made by the late Bishop Potter. The monument is a votive tablet, twenty-five feet long, twenty feet high, and eight feet deep, resting upon a high foundation between two marble groups symbolizing Duty and Sacrifice. On the easterly side of the memorial is the dedicatory inscription, composed by Royal Cortissoz: "To the Men of the Fire Department of the City of New York, who died at the call of duty, soldiers in a war that never ends, this Memorial is dedicated by the people of a grateful city." And on the other side, under a bas-relief of a horse-drawn fire-engine on its way to a fire, may be seen this simple inscription:

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"To the Heroic Dead of the Fire Department."

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Cloud-Scratchers

Mr. Thomas Hastings, of the well-known firm of Carrère & Hastings, is the latest architect of note to submit his views to the public concerning the sky-scraper problem. This question, in Mr. Hastings's opinion, is not one of art so much as of sanitation. American architects, he says, make a mistake if they present their case only as an appeal for æsthetic consideration and for a city's general appearance. The real question, as he and we believe, is not, Is the sky-scraper beautiful? but, Is it socially advantageous? The sky-scraper, or, as the Germans have it, the *Wolkenkratzer* (cloud-scratcher), has been developed in New York City more than elsewhere. It has been claimed that no comparison can really be made between the American metropolis and any other city simply because the lower end of New York—the real sky-scraper region—is only a diurnal city, nobody living there at night and the sky-scrapers not really interfering with domestic comfort. But they do! Because of them, as Mr. Hastings says in the New York "Times," in the lower part of the city people have to live and work through the day with artificial light. The light is poor enough now, but "what is going to happen when all buildings are more than twenty-five stories high on our narrow streets?" Again, how about the fair deal to property-holders? "If I own a lot twenty-five feet wide and my neighbors build without limit in height around my property, this property becomes practically worthless." Mr. Hastings points out that the experiences of European cities have led to their restriction of the height of buildings; in Paris, for instance, the front wall of all buildings on a street under twelve meters wide (a meter is slightly over a yard) must not exceed the width of the street plus six meters. We may not be able to approach the uniformity characteristic of European cities; indeed, that would hardly be desirable if American cities are to symbolize the American spirit. On the other hand, there is no necessity of going to exaggerated extremes. To sum up, in order to secure more social justice, those who wish to build tall towers should pay for the privilege. Mr. Hastings would impose a progressive tax on every building now erected above a certain height, for each story. "If ten stories is a reasonable number to be placed on a lot of given size, that same lot should be taxed on double its valuation when a man has built twenty stories upon it, or a fractionally increased taxation when over ten and under twenty stories." Such a tax might benefit property-owners who may have built within reason as to height, because the city could afford to diminish the tax on their property while increasing the tax on the tall buildings.

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The Turks Retain Adrianople

Newspaper despatches announce that, as a result of the conference at Constantinople between Bulgarian and Turkish delegates, the city of Adrianople is to be retained by Turkey. Thus ends a conflict which, so far as this particular city is concerned, began almost exactly a year ago. Every one supposed that it was definitely settled when, in the war of the Balkan allies against Turkey, after a many months' siege, the Bulgarians, with Servian aid, captured Adrianople, together with most of the Turkish province of Thrace. But, by a tragic fatuousness, the Bulgarian Government proceeded to make war upon its allies. Of course the Bulgarians had no idea that their army would be pushed back to Sofia, their capital, as it was by the Servians, Greeks, and Rumanians. This gave the Turks an opportunity to recapture Adrianople. This event was due principally to the genius and energy of Enver Bey. He had been one of the chief promoters of the Young Turk revolution; he had taken a principal part in the overthrow of Sultan Abdul Hamid; and in Tripoli he had known how to gather together an army which for nearly a year had stubbornly contested the Italian invasion. Returning to Constantinople, he reversed the Kiamil Cabinet, brought about the downfall of Nazim Pasha, the head of the army, and restored the Young Turks to power. He himself took command of the army. When it was announced that the Turkish troops had actually recaptured Adrianople, many refused to believe the news. But it was true, and the troops are ready to defend their conquest with Mohammedan fanaticism. Even so, most critics refused to believe that the European Powers would permit Adrianople to remain Turkish, but would, by force of arms if necessary, hand it back to Bulgaria. The Bulgarians themselves naturally counted on this. It became apparent, however, that the European Powers

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were not in accord. Bulgaria pays the penalty. It is impossible to withhold sympathy from her in her loss and present weakness, no matter how much she brought them upon herself. The question now is: How long a period of time will elapse before she is again strong enough to win back what she has lost?

Woman's Work in the Balkans

One of the results of the Balkan wars is that many of the students of Constantinople College are unable to return at the beginning of the autumn semester for the scholastic year. The college is also well known as the American College for Girls. Its students number more than three hundred. They come from all parts of the Balkans. They represent different races and languages, and the language barrier prevents the races from understanding one another. In the College these various races come together on a common basis as students of one language and literature, and the pure and inspiring English literature does much to break down prejudices and antipathies due to ignorance. If the Balkan States are ever welded into something like lasting solidarity, it will be because two institutions on the Bosphorus—Robert College and Constantinople College—have taught the men and women of the peninsula that civilization is founded on mutual understanding. Such a work is valuable enough to students, whatever their later life may be. But such a lesson has a double influence when a large proportion of graduates, as is the case with Constantinople College, become teachers. For the greatest need of the Balkan races is enlightenment, and education of the mind and heart is essential to bring about enlightenment. It is thus doubly disheartening to learn, as we have just learned, of such cases as these: "Two fine girls, who would be seniors this year, daughters of Protestant pastors in Bulgaria, write that it is impossible to raise the money for them to go back to college, as the war has taken everything." "One of the best students in the junior class, who should by all means be permitted to complete her course at college, writes that her people have been so far reduced in circumstances by the war that her father cannot in any way find the money to send her to Constantinople this year or even the next. The family live in Macedonia, and their property has been utterly devastated by the passing of the armies." Funds are urgently needed to help such deserving families to keep their daughters in college. Contributions marked "Student Aid" may be sent to Miss Susan H. Olmstead, Secretary to the President of Constantinople College, 404 West One Hundred and Sixteenth Street, New York City. The appeal should meet with a generous response.

Émile Boutroux

M. Émile Boutroux, it is announced, is again coming to America. The French philosopher's previous visit was in 1910, when he lectured at Harvard. His approaching visit is connected with the new Graduates College at Princeton University, which he will attend in company with the German philosopher Alois Riehl, recently Rector of the University of Berlin. The two men were invited not so much because of their eminence in philosophy as because of their eminence as authorities on residential graduate work. Preceding the dedication of the Graduates College M. Boutroux will deliver a public lecture on "Science and Culture." He is likely to speak at Princeton and elsewhere on the Paris École Normale and the Thiers Foundation, with which he has long been associated. The Fondation Thiers commemorates that great statesman and President of France, Louis Adolphe Thiers. At the outset of his career Thiers was handicapped in the pursuit of learning by his poverty. As a consequence, he always showed a special sympathy towards students who were prevented by lack of money from pursuing their studies; indeed, one of his dreams was to found a society to help such students. But he died without being able to realize his dream. His widow and her sister took up the idea, and the result is a Foundation in accordance with the spirit of the statesman and the spirit of our times. The Fondation Thiers is devoted exclusively to original research, and has already accomplished much. It accommodates fifteen or more pensioners from the École Normale, who remain three years at the Fondation's house and park near the Bois de Boulogne, five leaving and five entering each year. As M. Boutroux has been the efficient President of the Fondation Theirs, he is qualified to speak on the subject. He is of course equally well known as Professor of Philosophy at the Sorbonne and as the intellectual father, so to speak, of M. Henri Bergson, who visited

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America last winter. Like M. Bergson, M. Boutroux is a great admirer of the late William James, and helped the American's European reputation by writing a foreword to the French translation of "Varieties of Religious Experience." As a historian and critic of philosophy many regard M. Boutroux as having no superior. Certainly he is a foremost champion of the freedom of the will as against determinism and of the spiritual as against the merely material. His opinions are expressed with remarkable clearness, compactness, and cogency.

Okakura Kakuzo

The recent death of Okakura Kakuzo removes from the world a figure of unusual interest. An uncompromising foe to much which the younger generation of his countrymen have accepted in the name of progress, this accomplished scholar made it his task to interpret to the Western world the art, tradition, and the spirit of that old Japan which we, unconsciously perhaps, have done so much to destroy. His championship of the ancient ideals won for him the cordial dislike of many Japanese. At the time of his death Okakura was regarded as one of the foremost living authorities on Eastern art. His scholarship, his command of the English language, and his poetic nature combined to aid him in his self-imposed labor of interpreting to alien ears the subtleties of his own high civilization. Belonging to a race which at one time supported over one hundred different "schools" of flower arrangement, it must have been no easy task to express the ideas underlying such refinement of appreciation for the instruction of a people whose feeling for the details of proportion and line is, comparatively speaking, in a state of rudimentary development. In Okakura's "Book of Tea" there are two stories of the great "tea master" Rikiu which will perhaps illustrate, without need of comment, both his delicacy of spirit and his nicety of expression. "Rikiu," writes Okakura, "was watching his son Shoan as he swept and watered the garden path. 'Not clean enough,' said Rikiu, when Shoan had finished his task, and bade him try again. After a weary hour the son turned to Rikiu. 'Father, there is nothing more to be done. The steps have been washed for the third time, the stone lanterns and the trees are well sprinkled with water, moss and lichens are shining with a fresh verdure; not a twig, not a leaf, have I left on the ground.' 'Young fool,' chided the tea master, 'that is not the way a garden path should be swept!' Saying this, Rikiu stepped into the garden, shook a tree, and scattered over the garden gold and crimson leaves, scraps of the brocade of autumn. What Rikiu demanded was not cleanliness alone, but the beautiful and the natural also. . . . Flower stories are endless. We shall recount but one more. In the sixteenth century the morning-glory was as yet a rare plant with us. Rikiu had an entire garden planted with it, which he cultivated with assiduous care. The fame of his convolvuli reached the ear of the Taiko, and he expressed a desire to see them, in consequence of which Rikiu invited him to a morning tea at his house. On the appointed day Taiko walked through the garden, but nowhere could he see any vestige of the convolvulus. The ground had been leveled and strewn with fine pebbles and sand. With sullen anger the despot entered the tea-room, but a sight awaited him there which completely restored his humor. On the *tokonoma*, in a rare bronze piece of Sung workmanship, lay a single morning-glory—the queen of the whole garden!" Okakura Kakuzo was born in Fukui, Japan, in 1862. He graduated from the Imperial University at Tokyo in 1880, and in 1911 he received the honorary degree of A.M. from Harvard University. From 1906 to the time of his death he was in turn adviser and curator of the Chinese and Japanese Department of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. He was the author of "The Book of Tea," 1906; "Ideals of the Far East," 1904; and "The Awakening of Japan," 1904.

A True Missionary

The Rev. Dr. Daniel Crosby Greene, who died in Tokyo on the 15th of the present month, was not only one of the foremost missionaries in the Far East, but was also one of the truest representatives of the American spirit and the American view of life. At a time when Japan is grossly misrepresented and misinterpreted in this country, both as a matter of ignorance and by design, and when America is misrepresented and misinterpreted in Japan, the death of a man who understands both civilizations, respects both, and interprets both on their higher levels is a loss to both countries. Dr. Greene was born in

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Boston, graduated from Dartmouth College, served as a private in the Rhode Island Cavalry during the Civil War, and in 1869 went to Japan as a missionary of the American Board. He was not only a high-minded but a broad-minded man, with the intellectual and moral sympathy which alone qualify the man of one race to understand another race. He identified himself with the Japanese, studied profoundly their literature and religion, and kept in intimate touch with them. He became one of the foremost scholars in Japan, and was an industrious author as well. His "Chinese New Testament Prepared for Japanese Readers" and his "Course of Study for Students of the Japanese Language" were fruits of his scholarly activity. He was a very important member of the committee engaged in revising the Japanese New Testament, and he was deeply interested in everything which contributed not only to the religious but to the intellectual and political life of Japan. He was a man of quiet spirit and of very clear mind, of strong convictions, and of very pleasant manners. He could have been transferred at any moment from his position as missionary to that of the American Ambassador to Japan, and he could have discharged the duties of both positions with equal competency. He knew the New East, of which Americans are still so largely ignorant; he saw its possibilities, and he served it in many ways. He belonged to the new type of men of international mind who are coming to the front.

President Huerta's Message

It is the custom in Mexico that upon Mexico's Independence Day the President should send a special Message to Congress. Naturally, on account of the present strained relations between the United States and Mexico and the disturbed conditions of Mexico, the Message of the Provisional President last week was scrutinized carefully at home and abroad. It is a cleverly worded document, but it does not throw very clear light on the future. Its greatest emphasis is laid on the fact that while the United States declines to recognize the Huerta Government twenty-six other nations have done so, and Huerta adds that whatever friction may exist with the United States is "luckily not with the people of that country." He promises that the election for President shall be held on October 26, as previously announced, but makes no statement as to his own intentions of being or not being a candidate. Nor does he satisfactorily deal with the fact that a provision in the Mexican Constitution declares that a Presidential election should not be held when the country is not at peace. Presumably Huerta argues that the existing insurrections are local and that the country as a whole is really at peace. A rather peevish intimation is given that American battle-ships will not be welcome in Mexican waters after the end of the month. Huerta must know that our Government will undoubtedly exercise the privilege of sending its war-ships wherever there seems any probability that they will be needed for the protection of its citizens. The financial condition of Mexico is presented in this document in a surprisingly favorable way, but the general opinion seems to be that despite these assertions the financial condition is actually a wretched one. Altogether, the Message is more restrained in manner than might have been expected. It leaves the situation practically where it was. Later the announcement was made that General Felix Diaz will be a candidate for the Presidency.

Mrs. Pankhurst's Visit to America

The leader of the English militant suffragists, Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, is soon to sail for this country. She proposes to give addresses explaining the views and purposes which she and her followers have supported by the insensate course of burning the property of innocent people and otherwise breaking the law. So far as regards her main contention, that women in England have had special provocation to revolt by repeated wrongs, one can only say that the greater the provocation the stronger the reason for sane methods and the weaker the argument for criminal conduct. What Mrs. Pankhurst's reception should be by American suffragists who disapprove of her methods but admire her pluck is puzzling them a little, and one plaintive voice has been raised in remonstrance against her raising money here and carrying it off to England for illegitimate campaigning when so much is needed here for non-militant suffrage work. But the main commotion—wherever Mrs. Pankhurst is there is commotion—is over the reception our immigration authorities will give Mrs. Pankhurst. Technically she is an alien released from jail temporarily, on "ticket of leave," under the so-called "Cat and Mouse"

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Act. Now, our alien laws allow the immigration officials at a port, as New York, to examine and deport any alien convicted in his or her own country for an offense involving moral turpitude. Precisely what have been the charges on which Mrs. Pankhurst's many convictions have been had is not stated in this discussion, but we do not see how it can be maintained that such a thing as inciting to arson, if proved, can on any moral or legal theory known to man be declared free from the taint of moral turpitude. In response to a direct question from Mrs. Blatch, of the Women's Political Union, Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Labor, points out that the Department has only appellate jurisdiction, and adds: "If Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst seeks admission to the United States, her case will be handled in exactly the same way as any other alien seeking admission." This is all very well, say Mrs. Pankhurst's friends, but what does it mean? As a matter of fact, few aliens are questioned—if they come first-class; when Mrs. Pankhurst was here before, in 1910 and 1911, assurance was given in advance by the Department of Labor that she could enter the country; Florence Ward, imprisoned repeatedly for destroying property, was admitted after inquiry; Russian revolutionists have been admitted time and time again. These assertions will raise large questions, the answers to which involve much more than Mrs. Pankhurst: What is a political offense? Is a criminal conviction always a bar to an alien's entrance? What constitutes moral turpitude? Is a violent "suffragette" a criminal, a revolutionist, or a lunatic?

Justice to Mr. Hearst

Our readers know that The Outlook has no sympathy with the characteristic political or journalistic methods of Mr. William R. Hearst, but that is no reason why we should have done him the unintentional injustice of recently misinterpreting his position in the municipal campaign in New York City four years ago. In a recent article in these pages a writer for The Outlook said: "Four years ago the election of Mayor Gaynor by Tammany and independent voters was made possible by the obstinacy of Mr. Hearst, who insisted upon himself running for the place, although he supported the rest of the Fusion ticket, which was successful." The Rev. John P. Peters, of this city, whose reputation as a clergyman, as a scholar, and as a social reformer gives his name great weight, informs us that not only was Mr. Hearst not obstinate or insistent upon running for Mayor in 1909, but that he had no intention or wish to do so until, when it became clear that Mr. Bannard (the Fusion nominee for Mayor) would certainly be defeated and the whole Fusion ticket would be defeated with him without Mr. Hearst's help, a small group of citizens, headed by Mr. William M. Ivins, asked him to run on an independent ticket, taking the Fusion nominees as his running mates. Messrs. Whitman, Mitchel, Prendergast, McAneny, and the rest agreed to run on Mr. Hearst's ticket, and thus the main body of the Fusion ticket was elected, although it proved impossible to defeat Mr. Gaynor. This bit of history, which seems to have been generally forgotten during the last four years, has been pronounced correct by one of the above-named Fusion officers of the present city government. Dr. Peters, who knows Mr. Hearst's attitude in this matter, believes that he made a sacrifice of himself for the public good, and we are glad in this way to express our regret that, with every endeavor to be historically correct, we nevertheless did Mr. Hearst an injustice.

State Aid for Widowed Mothers

So much State legislation is of a haphazard, hit-or-miss character, put through with a rush in the turmoil of partisan politics, that the caution displayed by the lawmakers of New York State in declining to act offhand, but instead appointing a non-partisan commission to investigate the subject of home assistance for widows with dependent children, and to recommend a model law providing for such relief, is peculiarly refreshing. Nothing is certain in politics, but there is now every probability that at the next session of the Legislature an adequate law on this subject will be secured—an event that would class the State with the eighteen others that during the past two years have adopted such legislation in response to the clamors of an awakened social conscience. The New York Commission, which is composed of three Senators, five Assemblymen, and seven members from the ranks of private life, including two women, at its first meeting recently elected Assemblyman Aaron J. Levy Chairman, and chose Mr. Robert W. Hebberd, the Secretary of the

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State Board of Charities, to direct its investigations, for which $15,000 was appropriated by the creating act. The Commission is studying the laws of other States, and purposes to embody their best features in the bill to be framed. Already natural differences of opinion have cropped out; for instance, some of the members of the body favor the granting of relief even to widows with only one dependent child, while others agree with the old saw that "it's a poor hen that can't scratch for one chicken." There is little doubt that the bill to be drawn up will provide that the disbursement of relief be left to a non-partisan commission of experts, and that only women be employed as investigators. The exercise of charity toward families in which there is a husband and father is fraught with many dangers, the most salient being the danger that slothfulness upon the part of the head of the house will be encouraged; but society is coming to recognize that the case of the widow with dependent children presents no such drawbacks. Where such women are sound mentally and morally, is it not more desirable that they be enabled to keep intact a home for their children than that the latter be placed in charitable institutions?

Social Progress in the South

Just at this time, when the South is, so to speak, in the saddle at Washington, and Southern interests and Southern sentiment are exercising a more positive and more powerful influence upon the policies of the Government and the Nation than at any time since the Civil War, something more than academic interest attaches to the proceedings of the Southern Sociological Congress, which have just been published in permanent form. The Southern Sociological Congress is an organization called into being by Southern white men to grapple with those questions which lie close at the heart of the social well-being of that section. The following is an epitome of the programme that Congress stands for:

The abolition of convict lease and contract systems.

The adoption of modern principles of prison reform.

The extension and improvement of juvenile courts and juvenile reformatories.

The proper care and treatment of defectives, the blind, the deaf, the insane, the epileptic, and the feeble-minded.

The recognition of the relation of alcoholism to disease, to crime, to pauperism, and to vice, and for the adoption of appropriate preventive measures.

The adoption of uniform laws of the highest standards concerning marriage and divorce.

The abolition of child labor by the enactment of the uniform Child Labor Law.

The enactment of school attendance laws, that the reproach of the greatest degree of illiteracy may be removed from our section.

The suppression of prostitution.

The solving of the race question in a spirit of helpfulness to the Negro and of equal justice to both races.

The closest co-operation between the Church and all social agencies for the securing of these results.

The first meeting of the Congress was held in Nashville, Tennessee, during April, 1912, most of its expenses being provided by a Southern white woman, Mrs. Anna Russell Cole, who has established an endowment, thus providing for the greater portion of the expense of the Congresses in the future. She has been supported in this work by Southern Governors, chief among whom has been Governor Ben W. Hooper, of Tennessee; and by such distinguished Southerners as Dr. James H. Dillard, of the Jeanes Fund and Slater Fund Boards, Dr. Wickliffe Rose, of the Slater Fund Board, and representatives of advanced Southern thought. The second annual meeting of the Congress was in session for four days last April in Atlanta, Georgia. Ninety-six speakers were on the programme, and all of the important addresses and findings of the Convention have now been published in a bound volume of more than five hundred pages, entitled "The South Mobilizing for Social Service." Governor William H. Mann, of Richmond, Virginia, succeeds Governor B. W. Hooper, of Tennessee, as President of the Congress; Dr. J. E. McCullough, of Nashville, Tennessee, the Secretary of the Congress, was re-elected. Dr. McCullough has been a leader in the movement from the beginning, and is responsible for the compilation of the present volume of proceedings. The official body is made up of strong Southern men and women who are seeking, through this organization, to carry through the programme above mentioned.

The Significance of the Congress

The importance of this Atlanta meeting and of this publication of its proceedings consists less in the amount of information which they have brought together in regard to Southern conditions than in what they have accomplished in "mobil-

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izing for social service," as the title of the volume suggests, the best intelligence and the most enlightened sentiment of the Southern people upon questions of social politics. The addresses concern such questions of special importance to the South as National efficiency, child labor, prison reform, public health, and organized charity, which now, as never before, are stirring the minds of Southern people. As a matter of course the race problem, which until very recently has been the special and peculiar preoccupation of the South, bulks large in all these discussions. In fact, the world has here, almost for the first time, an opportunity to study as it really is the attitude of the better element in the South toward the Negro. People who have gained their conception of the South and of the Negro from the loud and loose statements of political demagogues, on the one hand, and from the reports of Southern lynchings, on the other, will do well to study the sane and sanguine utterances in this volume, which have been taken down as they came from the lips and hearts of men who know the Negro best and are now seeking with earnest, open minds to assist the race in its struggle for better things. It is worth noting in this connection also that in seeking methods to solve the so-called Negro problem the Congress has wisely foreseen the necessity of calling the Negro himself into council. More and more, thoughtful people are beginning to realize that one of the most important allies which the South has in its struggle for better things is the Negro, who has discovered that the best way to help himself is to help his race. Notwithstanding the fact that the Sociological Congress was held in the heart of the South, both white and colored delegates met in the same room, and each set of delegates were given an equal opportunity to express themselves freely and frankly on all questions that came before the Congress. White residents of Atlanta, as well as delegates from outside, seemed to go out of their way to make everything agreeable for the colored delegates. We have heard much in recent years of the material prosperity of the South, of its growth in manufactures and agricultural wealth; but here is a volume which testifies to the fact that economic well-being has gone hand in hand with spiritual expansion. Here is the proof that the South is taking its rightful position in the march of civilization and progress.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE AND THE CHAUTAUQUA CIRCUIT

Newspapers—the metropolitan press in particular, but other journals as well—have been criticising with extreme severity the conduct of the Secretary of State, Mr. Bryan, in appearing regularly as a lecturer on a Chautauqua circuit. Indeed, actual wrong-doing, involving malfeasance in office, could hardly produce in the editorial columns of some newspapers greater evidence of shock than the excursions of Mr. Bryan into the tented field on which is engaged the "Chautauqua talent." In the mind of one editor the Secretary's conduct is the "Bryan scandal." The fact that the American Secretary of State is advertised to appear on the same posters and in the same bulletins with the Tyrolean Alpine Yodlers and with Sears, the Taffy Man, has not only given occasion to political opponents of the party which Mr. Bryan represents to point a political moral to the advantage of their own cause, but has given serious offense in quarters most friendly to the present Administration. It has even become a subject for foreign comment.

Some of this expression of distaste is apparently due in part to a misconception of the "Chautauqua circuit." In one editorial Mr. Bryan's conduct is described as "persistence in the side-show business." In another Mr. Bryan's offense seems to be regarded as consisting in rushing off "to a little town," and in dashing off for a wild night ride "to some obscure hamlet." To criticise the Secretary of State because of the littleness of the town or the obscurity of the hamlet in which he chooses to appear seems to us to be a species of snobbery; and such snobbery inevitably renders it impossible for the editor who exhibits it to understand what it is these circuits mean to the extended regions which they cover. Certainly no one can have any idea of what a Chautauqua circuit is who regards it merely as a form of side-show business. It is deplorable that Mr. Bryan's participation in the programme of a Chautauqua circuit has brought discredit upon the office of the Secretary of State; but we think it is almost equally deplorable that it should seem to have brought discredit upon the Chautauqua circuit itself.

To the dweller in the large town or city there come opportunities, often more than

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ample, both for wholesome recreation and for that intellectual stimulus that can be gained from contact with minds of the world outside. To the dwellers in the small town and in the country such oppportunities come but rarely.

For such opportunities books and periodicals and newspapers and the printed matter that is kindly sent under the frank of a Congressman are no adequate substitutes. It is a great mistake to imagine that the lure of the city consists only in its appeal to sensation. There is an educational advantage in the theater, the concert-room, even in the moving-picture show and some of the better features of the vaudeville stage, of which those who have constant access to them are not aware.

To see an extraordinary exhibition of skill is a common experience on the part of those who live in the centers of population, and that is educationally valuable in itself; for, even though it be expressed in the form of a game or a gymnastic feat, it sets a standard which those who have never seen such expertness do not even know exists. Now what the Chautauqua circuit does is to bring within the reach of a great host of people both wholesome recreation and intellectual stimulus. Let us take, for example, the very circuit in which Mr. Bryan has appeared. The director of this is Mr. Paul M. Pearson, Professor of Public Speaking at Swarthmore College, and it is under the control of an organization, uncommercial in character, known as the Chautauqua Association of Pennsylvania. Its finances are guaranteed by a number of business men, all, we believe, of Philadelphia, who have assumed this risk, not for any financial profit, but for the purpose of rendering what they believe to be a social and educational service. This circuit extends into one hundred and two towns, or centers, in seven States.

Let us take, for example, H——, New Jersey. Somewhere about the first of last May a group of young men visited the town to make the preliminary arrangements. As the result of their visit a number of the more substantial men of the community became local guarantors, and the people were made acquainted with the fact that that summer there was to be a week of Chautauqua. Six weeks later a "crew" of young men just beginning their vacation after the close of college came to town in an automobile. They raised the tent in the selected open space, and made all the final arrangements. The programme then began with an opening meeting conducted by the chairman of the local committee. This was immediately followed by a concert by a brass sextet. The music that they played is of the sort that everybody ought to be acquainted with. It would not appeal to the audience that crowds Æolian Hall to hear the Kneisel Quartet; but we fancy it would appeal to that same audience if they found themselves summer visitors at H——. Opera selections predominate—"Lucia," "Il Trovatore," "Faust"—and they are played as well as one is likely to hear them played on such a group of instruments. The soprano singer who gave a solo or two probably surpasses in singing ability any one whom most of the audience present would otherwise be likely to hear for years. The concert ended at a quarter past four; there was then a lecture on Child Conservation. In the evening there was another concert by the brass sextet and a brief exhibit of moving pictures. The next day, Sunday, in the afternoon the brass players played music that was appropriate to the day, and there was a vesper service arranged by the local ministers. There was a similar musical service in the evening. On Monday afternoon at half-past two the lecturer of Saturday gave another address on a serious subject for an hour. At half-past two there was another concert—this time more in the nature of an entertainment—by Swiss singers, consisting of yodling, Swiss songs, and zither and violin solos. So the programme proceeded from day to day. During the week there were further lectures on such subjects as Environment, the Wonders of Science, with laboratory experiments, Leadership and Government, the Culture Epoch Theory. In all, there were eleven addresses of a serious character, one of them by a man of National reputation.

To the people who throng Broadway such entertainment and such instruction are available on any week, one might say on any day, of the year. It is very doubtful whether any large proportion of those people that throng Broadway exercise enough discrimination to make a selection of entertainment and instruction either in proportion or in quality that will approach in merit the programme which the people of H—— and its environs enjoyed during that week in June.

When the people of H—— and the one hundred and one other towns of that circuit and the scores upon scores of other towns in

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other circuits hear that Mr. Bryan has been attacked because he participated in this undertaking that has brought them something better than most people in the city enjoy, they are not likely to be greatly impressed with the criticism, except as an exhibition of the provincial character of city folk—particularly the kind of city folk that write for newspapers for political purposes. And their feeling will be reinforced among those inhabitants of H—— who, as a result of this week of instruction, have been guided into the undertaking of a regular course of reading, or who have found in it some ideas which they are going to incorporate into an organized effort for the improvement of the town, or who have found guidance and information that will enable them intelligently to direct and train their children.

It is too bad, we say again, that Mr. Bryan's participation in these programmes has brought discredit upon an institution of real social and educational worth.

The reason for this lies in the emphasis which Mr. Bryan himself has placed upon his part in this matter. It should not be forgotten that the explanation which Mr. Bryan himself gave was based on what he declared to be his financial needs. According to his own statement, printed by his authority in his own publication, "The Commoner," he is lecturing on the Chautauqua circuit for the money that he gets. Naturally, such an explanation on the part of the Secretary of State would lead the uninformed to conclude that the whole thing is a commercial enterprise, like a vaudeville show or a circus. Of course Mr. Bryan did not intend to give any such impression; but the impression that he did give was inevitable.

The American people, we think, have just grounds for objecting to the appearance of the Secretary of State upon the Chautauqua circuit; but it is not because it is the Chautauqua circuit, or because his lectures happen to be delivered "under canvas."

The just grounds for objection are twofold: first, that Mr. Bryan has put a high profession—the profession of teacher, of college extension lecturer—on a purely commercial basis; and, second, that after accepting a public office and the income from it, he declares the income to be inadequate, and, with no other apology, absents himself from his post and allows himself to be distracted from its duties.

THE LYONS EXHIBIT

There are two views of the city. One has been expressed in the saying that God made the country and man made the town. The other has been expressed by the remark that the fall of man occurred in the open country of Eden, while his redemption is set forth as consummated in the Holy City.

It seems as if those who wish to set forth the advantages of country life were bent on doing so by expatiating on the vices and perils of city life, and, conversely, that those who defend the city were convinced that it is possible to do so only by disparaging the country. The fact is that both the open country and the thickly settled city are necessary in modern civilization; that without the country the city would shiver and starve to death; and that without the city the country would relapse into conditions approaching barbarism.

At its worst the city is an economic necessity. It is a severe indictment of the city that Mr. G. S. Dickerman presents in the September number of the "Atlantic Monthly." From him one would get the impression that the city is a leech that is sucking the blood of the country, a siren that lures the young to destruction, a monster which enslaves the growing child to arbitrary convention and robs him of self-reliance. Yet if, at its worst, the city is an evil, it is a necessary evil. And at its best it is something more. In the same number of the "Atlantic" in which Mr. Dickerman's article appears there is an article by Professor Mark Jefferson, who occupies the chair of Geography in the State Normal College at Ypsilanti, Michigan. Professor Jefferson shows the other side, the more promising, more constructive side, of city life. He presents the cities as creatures of the country "that supplement and crown the life of the land." To the city, "with banks and higher schools and theaters and factories, and stores with costlier grades of furniture and clothing and objects of luxury," the farmer goes to sell his crops; to it he looks "for the culture he wants in the form of religion, of education for his family, or of social intercourse and entertainment;" in it "he and his wife hope to spend their last days." In this way the city, at its best, represents the ideals, or at least many of the highest ideals, toward which modern civilization moves.

Until very recently the American city

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exhibited its worse side. It seemed to be the despair of democracy. James Bryce, in his "American Commonwealth," expressed a view which prevailed among thoughtful Americans when he wrote, "There is no denying that the government of cities is the one conspicuous failure of the United States." It was not, indeed, merely the government of cities that seemed a failure. Apart from government, city life in America had little of those elements that have made some cities of the Old World mellow, others splendid. But there has rapidly, one might almost say suddenly, risen a new spirit. It is expressed in the title of a book, published within a very few years, by Frederic C. Howe, "The City, the Hope of Democracy." It is a surprising spirit of faith in the future of the American city—a spirit of resistance to the sordidness, corruption, materialism, that once seemed almost unopposed. The American people are trying experiments with their cities, and are beginning to see some of the fruits of success. Experiment has its origin always in a measure of hopefulness. The evils which Lincoln Steffens described in his book "The Shame of the Cities" are still very much in evidence, but they are no longer arrogantly dominant. Such a book as that if written to-day would be out of date.

Accompanying this hope for the future there is also pride in some of the achievements that have already been recorded.

Now is an opportune time to let those achievements be known; and just at this opportune time comes the opportunity. The French city of Lyons is to hold next year an International Urban Exhibit. The Mayor of Lyons, Senator Herriot, was much impressed by the exhibition held by the city of Dresden that showed what the city of Dresden had done and was doing. It has been said that Dresden derived the idea directly or indirectly from the New York City Budget Exhibit. However that may be, Senator Herriot, impressed as he was by the Dresden Exhibit, conceived the plan of an international exhibit that would give some idea of what the chief cities of all civilized nations are doing to make city life advantageous. To participate in this exhibit the cities of America are invited, and Mr. Morton Fullerton, an American, but for many years a resident in France as the Paris correspondent of the London "Times," is now in this country as a special commissioner to make known this invitation and explain the purpose of this novel and hopeful experiment in international and interurban co-operation. What does the American city do for itself? What advantage does the child derive from the fact that it is born in the city? What kind of environment is the city of to-day providing for future generations? What problems has it solved, not only of government, but of all aspects of its social life? These are the sort of questions that the city of Lyons would like each American city to answer. First of all, Washington. Those questions concerning the National capital can be answered only by the National Government. It is hoped that Congress, by means of a reasonable appropriation, will enable the Commissioners of the District of Columbia to show to the people of Europe and the American visitors in Lyons what the American people are doing to make their capital city a city of which the Nation may be proud. Already it is assured that Philadelphia will participate in the Exhibit. Other American cities will undoubtedly, one after the other, accept the invitation. Not only are city governments welcome, but organizations of citizens, formed for public purposes, will have a share.

Such an exhibit ought to have a tonic effect on American city life. There is no encouragement for the future so lasting as that which comes from the opportunity of showing what has already been achieved and publishing openly those ideals that are practically capable of realization.

If American cities participate as they should in this uncommercial Exhibit, they will not only help to make America understood abroad, but will help to promote their own future advancement.

FREE ART FOR THE PEOPLE

There are few of the greater possessions of the world which many Americans value so lightly as works of art. We have gained many things by distance from the Old World and by the comparative isolation of the Nation during the period of its earlier development, but we have also lost many things of value; and among them the knowledge and appreciation of art. The United States Senate ought to represent fairly well the intelligence of the country, and if it does, the tax which it proposed to lay on works of art imported from Europe shows that many Americans are still in need of elementary education in the significance and service of art in civili-

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zation. Happily for the country, the Senate conferees have receded, have abandoned the Senate amendments, and have accepted the liberal proposals of the lower house.

It is said that a certain Indiana statesman of the so-called "practical" type was asked, on his return from a trip in England and on the Continent, what he regarded as the finest building he had seen, and promptly replied that he had seen no building so fine as the Indiana State Lunatic Asylum! The tax on works of art is hateful to the artists, to whom the idea that they need protection from foreign competition is an insult. The revenue from such a tax would be so small as to be negligible; it would not pay for the machinery and trouble of collecting it. The only intelligible reason for the duty which the Senate attempted to impose on art, against the conviction of the House of Representatives, is that beautiful objects are luxuries, and ought, if possible, to be taxed out of existence.

The ignorance which prevails in the United States Senate, which Senator Lodge recently declared is less "civilized" than the House, cannot last long; there is a rising tide of interest in the study of art and works of art in many sections of the country, and especially in the Central West, where the new public buildings are not only gaining in architectural dignity but are being enriched by the work of the foremost American sculptors and painters, and where art galleries of notable beauty are being added to the resources of life in great commercial cities. Such a structure as that which Mr. Albright has given to the city of Buffalo reminds one of the remark of Thucydides that the sight of the buildings on the Acropolis was a daily delight. Such a building, standing in a public park and always open, is not only a joy forever, but a sweetener of that life of toil from which men will never escape, however they may improve the conditions under which the work is done. The fountain of the Great Lakes, soon to be unveiled in Chicago, will be not only a memorial of the genius of Mr. Lorado Taft, as the noble statue of Lincoln in the same city is a memorial of the genius of Saint-Gaudens, but will advance the rank of the city in civilization. It is such works as these and kindred works, like the Shaw memorial in Boston, the Sherman statue in New York, the mysterious figure in the Washington cemetery, the buildings for the study and exhibition of art in Toledo, Minneapolis, and other cities, the training of orchestras, the holding of musical festivals, the commemoration of historical events by pageants, the growing demand for the beautification of cities and villages, for attractive school-houses and churches which suggest to the eyes the great ends to which they are dedicated, that register the ascent of a people out of commercialism into life; for business is a small part of life.

The action of the United States Senate in trying to close the doors to beauty was humiliating but not discouraging; it was a last protest of a narrow provincialism against a great world activity, a recrudescence of an ignorance which was normal when America was detached from the world, but is discreditable now that the country is finding its place in the community of nations.

Meanwhile every means of spreading knowledge of art, and of its function not as a luxury of the rich but as a stimulating and refreshing resource in the life of communities and of nations, ought to be used with sympathy and enthusiasm. The enrichment of the common life is of vital importance. The country is in sore need of interests of liberating quality; of pleasures which are not merely physical sensations; of recreations which re-create rather than satisfy by exhausting the impulse that impels to them; of the revival of interest in mechanical work, for it is profoundly true, as Ruskin says, that "industry without art is brutality." Coketown is a symbol of business without beauty, as Athens is a symbol of beauty without a solid foundation of industry.

The appeals of Senators Lodge and Root to open the doors to art and give beauty and knowledge free access to the country fell on deaf ears, but the sentiment of the people has prevailed in the conference between the two houses. Mr. Lodge put forcibly and concisely the most immediate service of art to the people:

> I do not recall the number of people who visit the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York in a year, but the Senator from New York [Mr. Root] tells me it is 800,000. I know in Boston the number is in the neighborhood of 600,000. But to all these people those museums are not only a pleasure and a gratification, but they are a means of instruction, of elevation, of improvement. Children cannot be taken to these great museums and see these collections of the art world, beginning with the solemn and imposing figures of the Egyptian statuary and coming down through all the perfect beauties of Greek sculpture, the paintings and the sculpture of Italy, of Holland, of Spain,

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and of France, without carrying away an education and an improvement which I believe nothing else can give. . . . .

Look back over the past and consider what has lived and what has died, what is it that remains to us from all those great civilizations which have gone before—their art and their literature. The battles and the wars of the Greeks are of no moment to-day except to the lover of history, but the thoughts and the literature, the drama and the art of Greece are the greatest inheritance of civilized man.

And Senator Root put the case of the service of art, and the right not of the artists but of the people to free art, in words that ought to be put on the wall of every schoolhouse in the country:

I think no one can observe the poor people of some of the European countries—France, for instance, is a notable example—without realizing that the poor people are happy largely because they love everything beautiful, because all about them, in nature and in art, they find the means to gratify their taste for beauty. The greatest happiness in life comes from things not material. It does not come from eating and drinking and wearing fine clothes, it comes from the elevation of character, from the love of beauty gratified, from the many influences that ennoble mankind.

I think we have no higher duty than by our legislation to promote the opening to Americans of every opportunity to secure these means of happiness. I feel certain that the narrowing of these provisions by the Senate committee will be an injury to the people of the United States and that the liberal policy of the House will be a great and lasting benefit to them.

A PREMIUM ON RACE SUICIDE

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THERE is much in the proposed income tax with which I do not agree—for example, I believe there should be a very much heavier progressive tax on very large incomes, a tax which should increase in very marked fashion for the gigantic incomes. But there is one feature of the proposed tax so wrong that in principle it makes all the other wrongs—and benefits—unimportant.

In "Commerce and Finance" of September 10 I find the following statement:

"The Income Tax section has been entirely rewritten. The exempted income has been reduced to $3,000; a man living with his wife is entitled to a further exemption of $1,000 and an additional $500 for each of *not more than two* minor children.

"It is regrettable that Democratic antipathy to Rooseveltian ideas should have gone to the length of approving, even by implication, race suicide and small families."

I cannot believe that the country seriously considers, or indeed is aware of, what has been done by the Democratic majority having in charge this legislation concerning the income tax. In hardly any other civilized country would there be such levity in the treatment of such a subject. At this moment the best thinkers of France are pondering how to put the most effective premium on the third child in the average family, and yet these Solons of the income tax are deliberately penalizing this third child, whose absence means speedy racial extinction, speedy racial death.

In countries with a declining birth rate many legislatures have sought by judicious lawmaking to reward an honorable woman who performs her prime duty to the State by bearing and rearing the children without whom the State will have no future whatever, and to discriminate in favor of the honorable man who, as husband and father, is the prop of the commonwealth. But this is the first time that any legislative body has ever put itself on record as in favor of discouraging the performance of the most sacred and the most vital of all duties.

To provide for only two children is practically to discourage having more than two children. If the National legislators were wise, they would place the heaviest burden of taxation on the unmarried; they would relieve every mother or father of a substantial sum of taxes for each child that they have; and they would so arrange the law that there would be *no relief from taxes for a married couple without children* and a very substantial additional and cumulative relief from taxes for the third child and fourth child. I should personally favor continuing the relief in marked form for all subsequent children; I believe in providing for all widowed and dependent mothers; I believe in protec-

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tion and reward, including both pecuniary reward and reward of honor, for motherhood.

In any event, the dullest public servant that ever drew salary for misrepresenting his constituents ought to realize the self-evident truth that if the average married couple which has children has only two children, the whole race will disappear in a very few generations. Unless the average married couple has three children the race cannot by any possibility perpetuate itself in numbers under any conditions. Under existing conditions, taking into account the children who die before they are adult, the adults who do not marry, and those who marry but who, to their great sorrow and for unavoidable reasons, have no children, or only one or two, it is obvious that unless the average married couple capable of having children has four children the race will not increase. I ask people who object to this statement to remember that I am not making an argument. I am merely stating a fact. I am dealing with a law of nature which can no more be ignored, defied, or evaded than any other law of nature —the law of gravitation, for instance.

Moreover, the people who will be affected by the income tax have not even the excuse of grinding poverty to offer as a justification for the immoral shirking of the prime duties of fatherhood and motherhood. People with annual incomes of over $3,000 are in no danger of the poorhouse. People who have an income of more than $3,000 a year are able to keep children, unless they prefer automobiles and lap-dogs and put vapid excitement above the performance of the highest duty and the attainment of the highest happiness.

I do not believe in reckless marriages, where the man is unable to support a wife, nor in couples who recklessly and thoughtlessly have multitudes of children whom they are unable to bring up properly, nor in the man who forces upon an unfit wife excessive and unlimited child-bearing. But this form of reckless and brutal selfishness is not as wicked as the cold, calculating, and most unmanly and unwomanly selfishness which makes so many men and women shirk the most important of all their duties to the State. Incidentally, when they show this sordid and selfish cowardice they deprive themselves of that highest type of earthly happiness which is to be found only in the companionship of the husband and wife who with deep and tender consideration, facing life with high courage, love one another and who love and care for the healthy and happy children whom it has been their supreme blessing to bring into the world.

Whether the provision in question represents on the part of the legislators responsible for it merely thoughtlessness, stupendous folly, or bad intent, the result is the same. This premium on race suicide ought to be stricken from the bill by the conscience of the Nation.

SUMMER VESPER SERMONS

THE MODERN SADDUCEE

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

"For the Sadducees say that there is no resurrection, neither angel, nor spirit; but the Pharisees confess both." —Acts xxiii. 8.

I HEARD the other day two butterflies, on the edge of a flower, discussing. One said, "We cannot know that there is any honey in the flower; no butterfly ever found it there; no butterfly ever will." The other said, "Well, nevertheless, I think there must be some." And while they debated it, gnostic and agnostic, a humming-bird flew in and ran his long bill into the flower, and sipped the sweet, and was gone. To debate whether there is beauty and truth in the Bible, in the world, in humanity, in the Christ that came from God—this is not religion. "Oh, taste and see that the Lord is good!" —that is religion.

What Christ did in respect to unbelief in his time is just what we want to do in respect to unbelief in our time: to leave freedom of thought untrammeled, and to develop spiritual life, out of which issues spiritual faith. Christ's example gives no warrant to any form of religious persecution—to rack or fagot; to torment hereafter in hell or here on

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earth for opinion's sake; to obloquy, excommunication, condemnation, irony, invective against the unbeliever. It gives small warrant for argument or debate—for what is called "apologetics." It points us to a more excellent way; the way of spiritual culture as the necessary preparation for spiritual faith. The Life becomes the Light of the world.

Christ walked with God; he lived the eternal life; he gave the benediction of forgiveness from his hands, from which pardon dropped as dew from fresh flowers in the morning. Men looked upon him, and knew that he lived in another sphere than theirs. They saw it in his face. They saw it flash in his eye. They heard it in the tones of his voice. The Church needs not to prove its religion, but to live its religion. We argue and defend it too much. We apologize for it too much. A religion that is lived does not need argument and defense.

When, one Sunday morning, in St. Bartholomew's Church in New York City, there knelt and received the benediction at the same altar a Chinaman and several Negroes gathered from the mission schools of St. Bartholomew's Church, together with men and women of wealth and culture from its homes, there was a witness to the power of Christianity to break down all temporal distinctions. The power which brings these men of widely different classes kneeling at the same altar is worth a thousand arguments against infidelity and agnosticism. Christ was not a debater, but a witness-bearer. He did not condemn men for their unbelief, he did not pity them for their unbelief. But he bore witness to them of a world into which they had not yet entered, and he bore such witness that it carried with it power to their hearts and souls. "He spoke," says the evangelist, "not as the scribes, but as one that has authority." Why? Because he spoke to the dormant and dawning consciousness of religion that is in the heart and soul of every man.

He did not prove the existence of a God, but he said, "Our Father," and the hearts of men leaped up and answered to his words, because in the souls of men there is a perception of God, darkened though it be by an imperfect, an undeveloped, a sinful life. He saw that there were eyes that need to be opened, ears that need to be unstopped. So he told men what was the way to this life. "If any man will know of the doctrine, whether I speak of myself or whether my doctrine comes from God, let him do the will of my Father which is in heaven." "He that keepeth my commandments loveth me; he that keepeth my commandments and loveth me, to him I will manifest myself."

I have heard of a scientist into whose room a pigeon flew, and, after circling about the room, finally settled on the naturalist's shoulder. The bird stayed there like a familiar friend, then in a moment rose and flew out of the window and was gone. I have heard of another who said, "The other night it was stormy, and a pigeon came flying into my room out of the darkness. When I arrived I found him there on my bed. That night I had pigeon pie for supper." I do not wonder that one is a Christian believer and the other is an agnostic. One saw in the bird a friend and the other only food. It is what men see that makes faith, not what they have reasoned out. To have this love, to bear witness to this life, and then, by every power at our control, to educate and develop the spiritual nature in men, that they shall see and know what we see and know—that is the true service of the Christian.

You cannot pound a man with a clenched fist and caress him with the open palm at the same time—a truth that our Prohibitionist friends would, some of them, do well to remember. You cannot take a man who is an unbeliever by the throat and say, "You sinner," and at the same time commend to him the Gospel of faith and hope and love out of a sympathetic heart and an earnest, loving nature. It is because we believe what we have seen that we do not fear to have our faith put into the broad sunlight and submitted to scientific tests and the sharpest scrutiny. It is because we are sure that logic cannot convince where the heart does not perceive, that we do not trust to dogmatic theology to commend the faith which is our soul's food. When Mr. Ingersoll tells us that he cannot find anything that is of any value to mankind in Genesis, what can one do except wonder at the lack of vision of a man who cannot see in that marvelous psalm to the Creator, which is the first chapter of Genesis, any beautiful lesson? or in that legend of the fall, any lesson for ourselves in our own temptation? or in that story of Abraham, the first Pilgrim father, any example of courageous faith? or anything in the moral, high, pure life of Isaac that strengthens us for better living? or anything in the conversion of Jacob that gives us hope in

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our despair? or anything in the fidelity of Joseph that encourages us in the hours of darkness and isolation? It is not argument, it is eye-opening, that is needed.

You cannot tell how soon or in what form you will have to meet this spirit of unbelief. It enters your home; it will affect your children; it will touch your sons and daughters. As they begin to think, they will begin to question. Do not stifle their questionings. Do not tell them, You must not argue, you must not doubt. Encourage them to think—to think candidly, to think truly, to be true to themselves and to their own convictions. Then, by the whole force of your nature, by the whole development of your own spiritual experience, by the whole witness-bearing of your own life, by the whole training and discipline of the household, educate in them such love and faith that the truth which you see they will see, and the faith which you have will be theirs also.

THE YOUNG GOETHE

GOETHE is for the time out of fashion; his name is rarely invoked as that of one of the supreme authorities in the sphere of ultimate truth; nor is "Faust" the Bible of ardent young men of imagination, as it was a generation ago. The impressive personality of the last of the Olympians has lost a good deal of its authority with the passage of time, and the limitations of his view of life have become obvious. His broad and luminous intelligence has suffered no eclipse, but the effect on his work, and especially on his dramas, of his defective moral insight is clearly seen and has weakened his authority as a modern arbiter of human fate. The almost overpowering sense of mastery of the meaning of life and of the most fruitful methods of making knowledge and experience contribute to the development of personality which Carlyle felt is not shared by his successors.

And yet Goethe remains one of the foremost figures in literature. If his word is no longer accepted as final, it is because no man's word is final, no man's view of life is complete, no man's art marks the end of the road. The coffin in the Grand Ducal vault in Weimar is still hidden by wreaths and flowers, and the spacious house in which Goethe lived so long and died so quietly is thronged with pilgrims from all parts of the world. The *genius loci* which he set up in the lovely park through which the Ilm flows is still a center of interest, the Garden House in which he found quietness and seclusion is visited by a host of people, and a vast mass of memorabilia has been collected and is piously preserved, with kindred memorials of Schiller, in the Goethe-Schiller archives. The popularity of the great writers varies from age to age according to the temper of the time, but their places remain unchanged. Men turn their faces away from the kings and forget them—imagine, perhaps, that they have dethroned them; but a turn of the road brings them again into view, and there they sit in Olympian calm, while the Titans who have struck mighty and resounding blows move silently into the background.

Goethe belongs with Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare, not because, like Dante, he had a penetrating insight into the moral order of the world and the vision of the ultimate perfection which has its roots in such a vision, nor because, like Shakespeare, he saw how inevitably the deed pursues and overtakes the doer, and how instinctively life dramatizes itself through laughter and tears when an artist has mastered this great truth. He belongs with these Immortals because his mind had such breadth and fertility; because, in his happiest moments, fruitful thoughts found noble expression in his hands; because he held philosophy and art in harmony. He was one of the greatest of lyric poets; he was, and is, the foremost critic of art, for he saw art always as an expression of life. He had at times something of the eighteenth-century stiffness which made German thought and art imitative and mechanical when "The Sorrows of Werther" suddenly opened fountains of sighs and tears; but he helped mightily to create the German nation of to-day.

He seems remote and cold to the ardent young soldiers in the twentieth-century struggle for a fuller life for men, and he was a man of aristocratic temper and habit; but

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he was one of the prophets of that conception of life as an evolution which has given historical standing and background to the modern movement. Art was never to him the creation of technical skill; it was as vital and real as the experience to which it gave final and beautiful expression. He foresaw the achievements of science and used its methods. In an age of fierce dynastic struggles which finally awoke the national spirit, he saw Europe as a great community; and he was not blind to the possibilities of America at a time when this country was largely left out of account by Old World thinkers. His prediction of the building of the Canal which is to connect the Atlantic and the Pacific, and his forecast of the results which will flow from that event, will be the most impressive prelude to the opening of the international waterway next year. In an age of narrow sympathies and short views Goethe was a man of prophetic vision; a forerunner of the new type of men now coming on the stage, who will bring the international mind to deal with the intimate international relations into which all nations are coming. And it is strikingly significant, in the light of the consciousness of to-day, that Faust, at the end of his search for peace and happiness, of his struggle for the possession of his soul, finds the solution of the problem neither in philosophy nor in science, but in practical service of his fellows.

The literature about Goethe continues to grow. Three or four years ago an English translation of the most elaborate and voluminous of later biographies was published in this country; and the thirty-fourth volume of the Goethe year-book was recently issued. Mr. P. Hume Brown's "Youth of Goethe" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) will hardly rank among the important contributions to our knowledge of the author of "Faust," but it is a readable and valuable foot-note to the more ambitious studies; and by its skillful selection of incidents and experiences it not only throws light on Goethe's education and development, but makes the quality and method of his genius more intelligible. Goethe held that the most important period in a man's life is that of his development, and this book is a record of that period; the period which, he declared, in his own case, included the first twenty-six years of his life, ending with his arrival in Weimar.

The popular impression that he was self-centered has this foundation: However vivid and real his emotional experience, there always came a time when he both analyzed and used it; for the master passions of his life were to know and to create. But he was also extremely susceptible to foreign influences, and his genius was extraordinarily dependent on the happenings of his life. There was a fountain-like quality in his nature, but the rush of speech came only when the rock was struck from without. He was quite aware of this, and in later life guarded himself against the disturbance of emotional crises. These crises were many, and they left their impress on his work; which, he said, constituted one great confession.

The rigid, methodical, conventional father and the emotional, poetic, spontaneous mother bequeathed to Goethe qualities so contradictory that they created a lifelong conflict in his nature. There were several Goethes, and in his youth they perplexed and confounded his friends and confused himself. But in them all he must have been one of the most fascinating human beings that has ever appeared among men; his personal beauty, his vivid enjoyment of life, his ardent passions, the tempests of emotion that swept him from his moorings, the impression of almost illimitable genius which every one felt in his presence, predicted a great career either for good or for evil. "He will always remain to me one of the most extraordinary apparitions of my life," wrote one of his friends. No one could forecast his orbit, so violent were his perturbations; he was the victim of "a thousand varying distractions, moods, and passions." In Leipzig, Strassburg, Frankfort, Darmstadt, there seemed to be an ominous waste of time and power, but the storm-tossed youth was finding himself, and through all his vagaries, excesses, and extravagances of action and of expression a definite purpose slowly defined itself. Like Faust, he was driven by his restless, reckless spirit through manifold experiences before he reached a stable position. The story of these years explains the stoical calmness of the elder Goethe; he was driven to take refuge against himself. But the suffering of the night which followed the death of Schiller shows that he never became the inaccessible and immovable soul he was sometimes represented to be. Nor was he the cool, calculating egotist deliberately planning his life; on the contrary, not only was his career largely shaped by circumstances,

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but the expression of his genius was largely dependent on what are often called the accidents of life.

The love affairs of Goethe were romances when romances were the recreation and delight of a period that reveled in sentimentality. A contemporary of Goethe's, a youth who made a profession of sensibility, developed an extensive correspondence with sensitive souls and made a large collection of sentimental letters which he carried about with him and read to sympathetic listeners! It was characteristic of Goethe to absorb this universal emotion, to give an expression so dramatic as to explode a tremendous accumulated force of emotion in Germany, and then to leave "Werther" behind him as a boy leaves the place where he has fired a miniature volcano of gunpowder.

He was to be an Olympian, not a Titan, and as he matured the passion for creative activity gained the mastery. The need of pressure from without remained, however, to the end. "Without compulsion there is, in my case, no hope," he wrote. He had an element of formalism, a German stiffness, in him, and, when his imagination flagged, science and philosophy took the place of art. Wordsworth's remark that Goethe's poetry was not inevitable enough was true of his work whenever the vivid impression was lacking or the impulse became industry or determination. The second part of "Faust" is a remarkable product of intellectual acuteness, but very little of it rises into the world of art. The first part of "Faust" is for the lover of poetry, the actor, the singer, the painter; the second part is the stuff of which literary clubs are made. The intellectual in Goethe held the emotional in check and finally subdued it; and the passion to know, while it never checked the creative impulse, often obscured the artistic quality of his work.

Goethe's instinct saved him from the tendency to put the abstract in place of the concrete which has been the bane of a good deal of German art. Notwithstanding his intellectual curiosity, the necessity to know and to understand laid upon him by his mental constitution, he saw clearly and felt deeply the creative vitality of life, the inevitable pressure of experience on the impulse to create; and his own creative work was largely inspired and shaped by the happenings of his outward life reacting on his inward life. No man has ever seen more clearly than he that art differs fundamentally from philosophy in its rootage in reality; that it must be concrete if it is not to be a succession of elusive shadows, like the work of the extreme symbolists and of all those who succumb to the spell of abstract systems and end in mathematics or puzzles of greater or less ingenuity. The world has to learn from time to time that art is primarily vital, and incidentally intellectual. In his practice Goethe sometimes forgot this truth, which is always luminous in his maxims and criticism; and when he forgot, his work fell to the ground like a wrecked aeroplane. It was his conviction that Schiller's work was "in the air," so to speak, that for a long time kept apart two men whose later friendship is one of the sweetest traditions of literature. "Your endeavor, your unswerving aim," wrote Merck, one of his most helpful friends, "is to give poetic form to the real. Others seek to realize the so-called poetic, the imaginative; and the result is nothing but stupid nonsense." When Merck read the second part of "Faust," he said frankly: "It is rubbish and of no account; however, let the thing be printed," and he paid for the printing!

Goethe's teaching clearly defines the true nature of art, and his own work strikingly confirms that teaching. He was a great poet when he practiced what he taught, and a writer of verse that had no lift of wing when he neglected it. He will always be one of the masters of art because his insight into its nature was so penetrating and his genius for analysis so unerring. He is especially needed in a period like our own, when tradition yields to the impulse for experimentation, and the zeal for novelty often confuses invention with creation and mistakes the lunatic asylum for the temple. His far-reaching view of life, his vision of its illimitable resources, his sense of its richness, his clear perception of the reaches of thought, experience, and development that lie beyond political and social forms and reforms, are sadly needed at a time when many are coming to think of legislation not only as the chief end of man but as the supreme method of salvation. Goethe knew better; he knew that when legislation has done all it can for us—and it can do much—men will find themselves face to face with the ultimate question: "What shall a man do with his life?"

H. W. M.

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EPPS[1]

BY ROBERT BROWNING

The "general reader" concerns himself chiefly with completed products. He has little time or liking for that painstaking research by which close students of literature are enabled to find even in the most unpromising juvenilia, or the most chaotic of unfinished projects, evidence of gradual and consistent development towards a specific goal. We venture to believe, however, that the following heretofore unpublished poem by Robert Browning will delight both critics and "general readers." Its vigor of utterance, its characteristic rhythm (so easy to imitate in everything but the vitality of the original), go to make this poem of peculiar interest. Its obvious merits, however, are not its sole claim to attention. The curious inconsistency between the first and last stanzas—Browning has sketched himself in two postures—the words over which the poet hesitated, the changes in thought so abrupt as to require a second reading for a full comprehension, are all distinctly worthy of note. A building from which the scaffolding has not yet been removed is interesting not only for its intended beauty of proportion but likewise for the freedom with which we may study the method of its construction. This poem was brought to light at the recent sale of Browning's manuscripts and memorabilia in London.—THE EDITORS.

Asks anyone—"Where's a tag for *steps?*"
I answer—"Waiting its time
Till somebody versed in the English tongue
Shall start at the challenge, cry 'unsung
Till now, and all for want of a rhyme,
Is the prowess of Kentish Epps?'"

Two hundred and eighty years ago
Befell the siege of Ostend;
Epps soldiered it there: and, hew or hack
At his breast as the enemy might, his back
Got never a scratch: yet life must end
Somehow,—Epps ended—so!

He had lost an eye on the walls, look out
No longer could Epps: said he—
"Give me Saint George's cross—our flag
To carry: I can't see them—foes brag:
At all events they shall soon see me,
Knight and knave, lord and lout!"

"Epps got loose again!" yelped the curs:
"At him—the blind side best!
Together as one—in a rush, on a heap,

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Buffet the old maiméd bull! Fame's cheap
  This morn for whoso has mind to wrest
Yon flag from his hold, win spurs!"

As a big wave bursts on a rock, broke they
  On bannerman Epps: as staunch
The drowned rock stands, but emerging feels
Weeds late on its head lie loose at its heels,
  So left bare, swirl—stript, root and branch,
Of his {band / company} stood—Epps laughed gay:

"I with my flag—that's well, no fear
  The colours stick to the staff:
But the staff 'tis a mere hand holds—lets fall
If there stab me or shoot one knave of them all:
  To hinder which game—" I hear Epps laugh—
"Stick, flag, to a new staff—here!"

And off in a trice from the staff that's wood,
  And on to a staff that's flesh,
Tears Epps and {ties / binds} me tight {round / about} his breast
The flag in a red swathe: "Here's the vest
  For my lifelong wear; at the foe afresh!
Flagstaff show your hardihood!"

Whereat, in a twinkling, man and horse
  Went down—one, two, and three,
And how many more? But they shot and slashed:
Two {bullets / balls} have riddled, two sword-blades gashed
  The staff through the flag,—{leave / left} free
To despoilers,—you think,—a corse?

No! Back from his slayers, staggeringly
  But, staff-like, stout to the last,
Up to his mates—of the checked advance—
Reels Epps, his soul in his countenance,
  As he falters "See! Flag to the staff sticks fast,
And, flag saved, staff may die!"

And die did Epps, with his English round:
  Not so the fame of the feat:
For Donne and Dekker, brave pacts and rare,
Gave it honour and praise: and I join the pair
  With heart that's loud though my voice compete
As a pipe with their trumpet-sound!

January 6, 1886. R. B.

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IN THE STREETS OF TOKYO

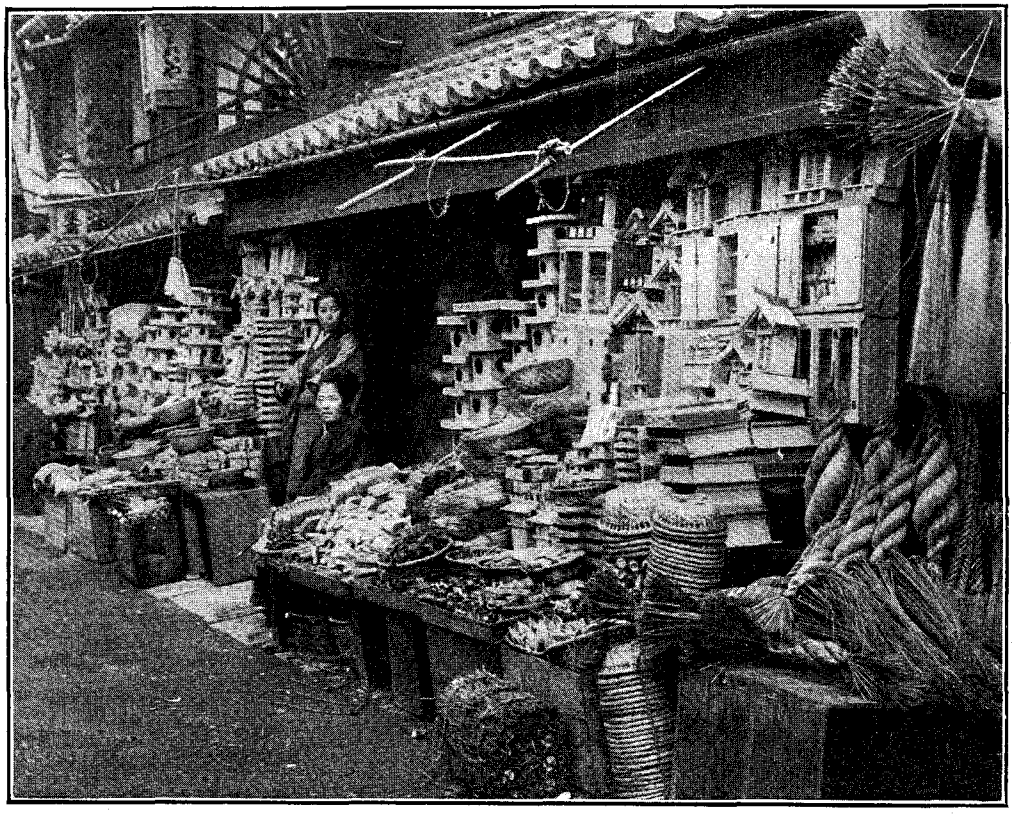
BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

TO a visitor from the Far West, Tokyo presents two possibilities of interest which are inexhaustible: opportunities of getting thoroughly lost, and an almost unlimited element of novelty. One can easily lose himself in London, if he chooses his section of the old town intelligently; but he has ways of finding himself: Baedeker offers him a map which may be understood without a college education, or he may inquire of a resident who, if he happens to be a Cockney, will make any kind of an education a vain and foolish thing. In the East End of London the man who has lost himself may not understand the information which is given him; in Berlin or Paris, in a similar plight, he faces the opposite peril; it is astonishing how many Germans and Frenchmen do not understand their own languages when those languages are spoken by non-resident Americans.

There is, however, this difference between the European cities and Tokyo: in Europe you make an effort to gain information, in Tokyo you do not even make the attempt. If you happen to be near a tram line, you can take a car and the chance of being carried to a familiar locality; or if there is a jinrickisha on the horizon, you can probably give the quick-witted 'ricksha man the name of some building or section which you remember.

But getting lost in Tokyo is not a reflection on your intelligence or your sense of direction. If you drive to distant quarters of the city, you will often hear your "runner" inquiring the way; indeed, so narrow, numerous, and confusing are the little lanes in many sections that you wonder that even a man whose business it is to find his way should be able to go victoriously through the maze.

Tokyo did not begin as a city; for many centuries the marshy ground on which it stands was the seat of a group of thirteen or fifteen fishing villages, separated by con-



WOODEN THINGS OF MANY KINDS

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siderable distances. These villages, as distinct as the old villages which have merged into London, are now indistinguishable to the foreigner, though he soon learns the names of the principal wards into which the city is divided, and which, to the resident, have not only definite historical associations but in many cases distinct characteristics. The population is well beyond two millions, and the vast number of one-story shops and houses cover a space out of proportion to the number of people who live or work in them, and one can walk fifteen miles in one direction and ten or twelve in the other without getting "out of town." There are a few broad thoroughfares, and there are many localities marked by temples or parks or buildings which the visitor soon learns; but there are vast sections of the city which present no salient features and in which one may wander with a careless foot and never arrive anywhere. If the visitor has formed that most necessary habit to one who wants to know places or people in the world, the habit of walking, it will not trouble him that he cannot read a sign nor understand a word that is written or spoken. He is in a city which is not only orderly but friendly; a city across which a woman can ride in a jinrikisha at night unattended and unmolested.

Tokyo is not beautiful, though it has localities of great beauty; parks of great age and of a mysterious and impressive charm. Modern Japan is finding in its ancient temple-grounds parks which have a quality distilled by time, which no skill of the landscape artist can overtake and capture by the swift methods of to-day. It is possible successfully to hasten mechanical processes, but not to produce artificially the results of the process of growth. Pine trees will not put on the semblance of age at the bidding of the expert; antiques are successfully manufactured in many places in Europe and the East, but large out-of-door effects depend on Nature, and Nature refuses to be hurried. Tokyo has inherited breathing-places which the city could not create out of hand. From these temple grounds often rise those long flights of ancient stone steps up which uncounted pilgrims have passed to temples venerable with age and almost hidden by the overhanging branches of trees as old as themselves.

In no city is there a feature of the landscape more interesting and impressive than the great wall of the palace grounds around which Tokyo has built itself as if for defense; a wall nearly two miles and a half long, overhung with wide-spreading, low-reaching pine branches which are reflected in a thousand elusive and changing lights in the still waters of the moat.

In these large features Tokyo has the interest of a novelty so radical that it is doubtful if it ever quite fades even from the sight of the foreigner who has made the old town his home. Novelty sometimes lies in degree of difference from the things to which one is accustomed; in Tokyo it lies not in degree but in kind. To the remark of an American who knew Europe well, that "there is only one dinner in the world, and that came from Paris," Charles Dudley Warner replied, "If you had been in China, you would know that there are two dinners in the world." There is a vast difference between a city of solid magnificence like Budapest, or of brilliant immensity like Paris, and a mushroom town on the frontier; but they belong to the same type, and the crude beginning may strike into noble lines of structure as time, the ripener of the raw and the civilizer of the primitive, passes. But between the Occidental and the Japanese city there is a fundamental difference of outline and of detail.

If one is to know cities, it is more important that he should know the "mean streets" than the thoroughfares; if he is to know a people, he should familiarize himself with the details of their life quite as thoroughly as with their form of government. And the details of life in Tokyo are endlessly interesting. It can be seen to great advantage from the jinrikisha, or kuruma—a conveyance of modern origin, devised by an American, but now so characteristic of Japan that most people take it for granted as a vehicle of long descent. One will look in vain for it, however, in the vivid and very human pictures of old-time road life in the Tokaido prints. Seated between its big wheels one has many of the advantages of walking without its fatigue. He is wholly in the open air; as much so as the pedestrians who make the narrow street a place of exciting dangers of collision and of hair-breadth escapes. He moves faster than they, but he has no carriage-sense of separation from them; and they look upon him, not as a superior person, but as a man in a hurry.

In old Tokyo, or Yedo, as the city was called in the days when the Shogun made it his capital and the Mikado was, so to speak, enshrined in Kyoto, you would have found

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ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL

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wide spaces given over to the residences of the great *daimyos*, or feudal lords, and the work and trade of the city crowded into narrow quarters. You would have met these powerful nobles riding through the streets attended often by a company of two-sworded *samurai* and followed by servants bearing their traveling equipment. They had come perhaps from a long distance, stopping at famous inns or tea-houses by the way; and if you met them you waited respectfully until they had passed. To-day the great noble is distinguishable from the rest of the population only by the practiced eye, and the *samurai* are university professors, bankers, men of the professions and of affairs.

In the old days the *daimyos* lived in ample grounds at a distance from one another, protected by walls and gates. The great Red Gate of the University of Tokyo was once the entrance to one of these semi-fortified houses. To-day the busy city has filled the intervening territory between these "seats of the mighty" with a vast variety of little shops. So many are the shops that one wonders how they are supported. If every family keeps a shop, where do the customers come from? This, however, is in the parts of the city in which the poorer people live, and in the majority of the shops only articles in daily use are found. The shop is often a kind of by-industry; the man of the family has some occupation which supports, or largely supports, the family, and the shop is a venture of fortune, managed often by the woman or women of the family. This gives the shops a friendly, domestic atmosphere, often more conducive to conversation than to business; indeed, sales seem a matter of small interest to many shopkeepers; and, save in the neighborhood of foreign hotels, Japan is delightfully free from that pressure to buy which becomes almost intolerable in some countries. Even in the better class of shops it is difficult for a foreigner to discover the resources of the place; for the most beautiful goods are often out of sight and are produced only in response to requests. The courtesy of the attendants does not depend on the purchasing attitude; the unproductive shopper is received as politely as the most profitable purchaser. In the old days Japanese ladies did not go to the shops; the shops went to them. The beautiful fabrics were displayed in the privacy of homes, as, in Europe in feudal times, costly silks and satins from the Far East were spread

THE RICKSHAW

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A GLIMPSE OF A GARDEN

before the eyes of eager ladies in isolated castles.

In the district of the small shops, business is practically conducted out of doors; the shop opens directly onto the street, and the stock lies under the eye of the customer. Indeed, the street becomes one continuous shop, separated into divisions only by the big signs which are suspended from the roof at the sides. Fruit, vegetables, shoes, toys, household utensils, china, curios, lanterns, umbrellas, wooden things of many kinds, are spread out in great profusion, and the street is full of bustle and movement. The effect is often highly picturesque, and the color as vivid as in the fruit shops in the streets of Naples. In the shops where cloth is sold there is a matted platform on which, in chilly weather, a *hibachi* is sending out a heat which is welcome even to a hardy people accustomed to a low temperature. There is a little row of sandals in front, and the tiny place has an air of cleanness, order, and thrift.

The old-time fair survives in great vigor in Japan, and there are nights when certain streets are given over to the display, in little booths or on the roadbed, of curios, cups and teapots in bewildering variety, artificial flowers, toys, flowers, bushes, and flowering plants. The street is lighted by hundreds of lanterns, and, to the visitor at least, has the unfading interest of the old-time spectacular East. The fair is open by six o'clock, and the entire street is given over to it save a little lane in the middle through which a jinrikisha or kuruma may pass with many cries of warning from the *kurumaya*, and there is much good-natured getting out of the way by the crowd of idle spectators or the practiced purchasers seeking bargains.

There are also markets where fish, eggs, vegetables, and fruit are brought in from the Bay and the country. Fish is one of the staple articles of diet among all classes of people, and is found not only in great variety but of an excellent quality. The market, on a canal not far from the Bay, announces itself unmistakably to the visitor, and the carts and carriers that stream away from it distribute its products to the little shops in all parts of the city. One of the most familiar figures in the streets is the seller of fish, carrying wooden pails at the ends of the pole on his shoulder, and announcing his approach by a familiar cry. The vegetable markets are

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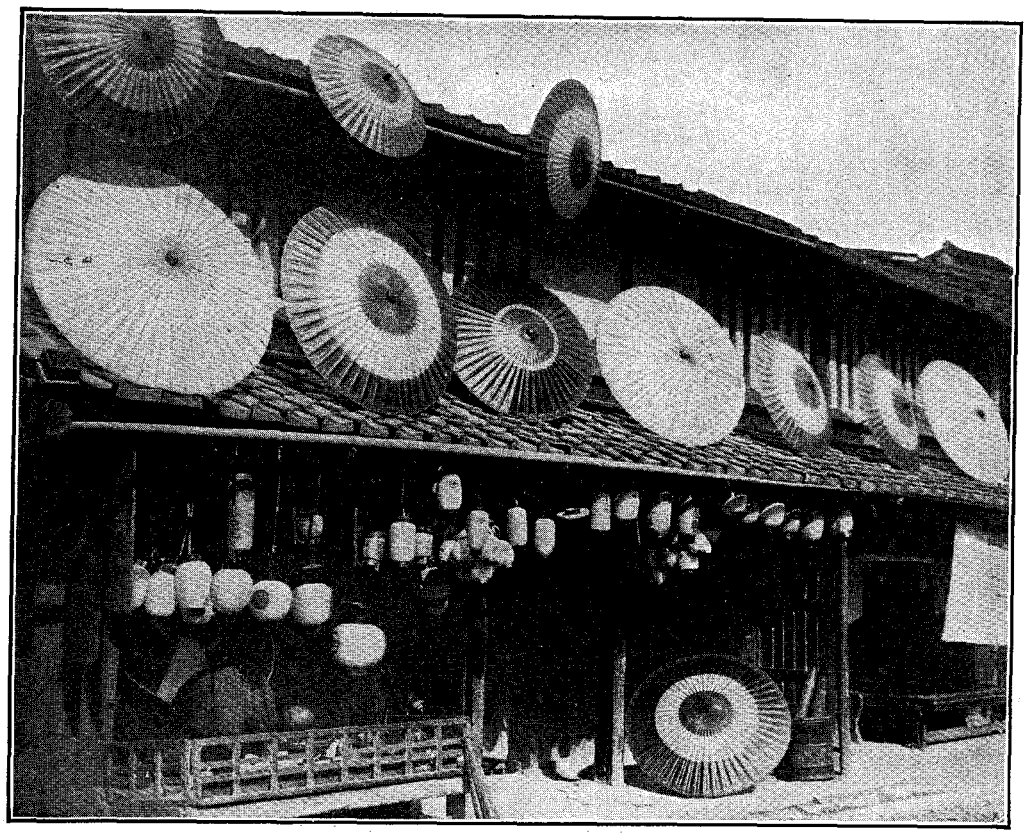

UMBRELLAS AND LANTERNS

scenes of great activity, and many familiar edibles are found in them, with some not so familiar—the chief of these being the immense white radish called the *daikon*, of a very agreeable taste but of an infamous odor. As one goes along country roads he often sees long rows of *daikon* hanging between trees or from the fronts of farm buildings. On orthodox Japanese tables meats are almost unknown; in private houses where foreigners are entertained in the foreign fashion, and in hotels, the meats are, as a rule, notably good. Apples, pears, peaches, strawberries, are reinforced, so to speak, with persimmons, oranges, grapes, figs. One of the minor industries of Tokyo is the baking of the sweet potato, dear to the poorer children, who spend their coppers for it as American children spend their nickels for candy. There are said to be more than a thousand potato ovens in the city. Good, wholesome food is within reach of the very poor; a box of rice, pickles, and dry fish, tastefully put up, can be bought at a railway station for three cents.

There are many characteristic cries in the quieter streets, and one hears them especially at night when traffic and travel have died down. The voice of the vender of a preparation of macaroni of which the people are specially fond has an appetizing sound between ten and eleven, when a late hunger craves recognition; the seller of tales and ballads offers a pleasant refuge for the wakeful; but best of all for the sleepless is the note of the *masseur's* little pipe. You have only to open a window or push back a slide and light, skillful hands will soon bring on a delightful drowsiness. Is there any other city in which sleep is peddled in the streets? In former times this profession was confined to the blind—a form of class privilege to which the most zealous reformer could hardly take exception.

Seen at night from a tea-house on one of the hills, the million lights of Tokyo twinkle like a constellation, and as one goes through the streets he is ready to accept the "Arabian Nights" as veracious history. If he has the good luck to be out on a night when a light snow has fallen, he will see an Oriental fairyland.

At times he will meet young men, in the thinnest of white garments, running at full

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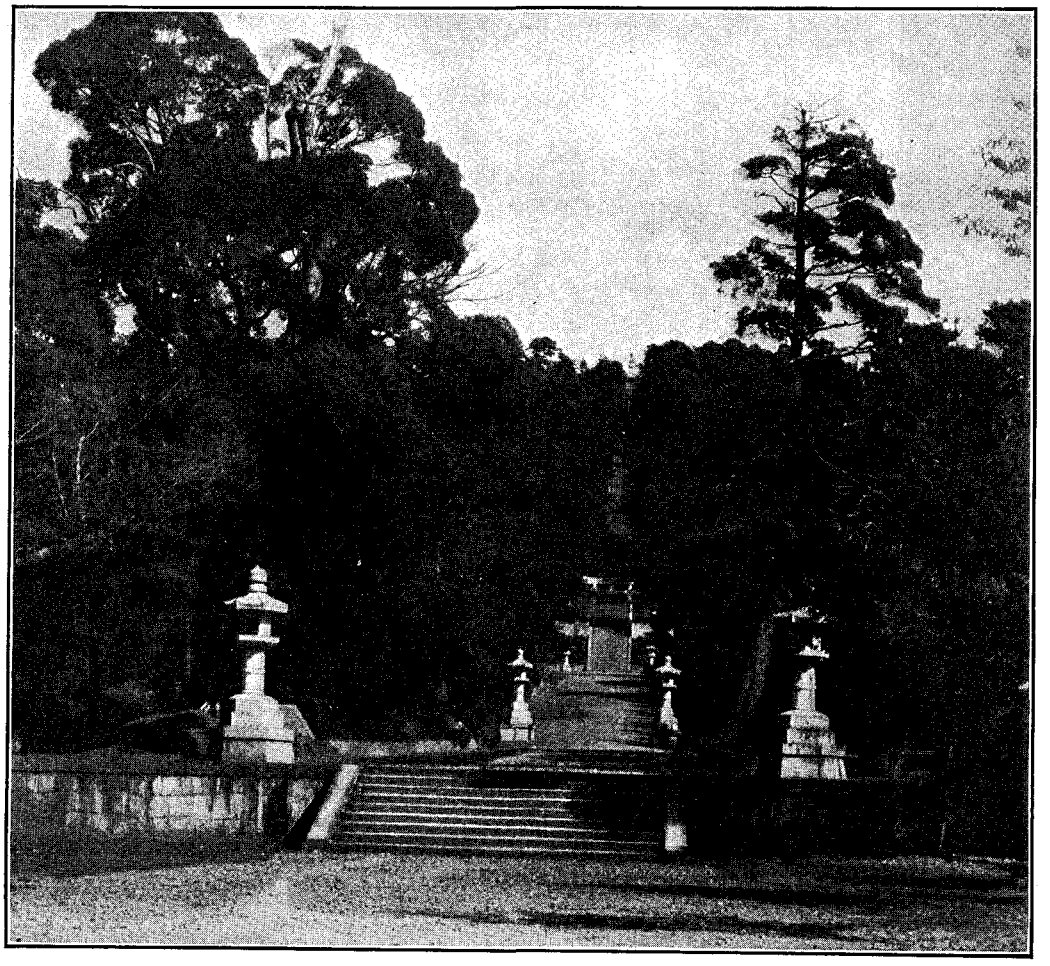
speed from temple to temple through the cold night, to be met by a shower of colder water as they arrive, and then to hasten on to another cold bath at the next temple. This ceremony of purification was accomplished in more primitive times without clothing; these fleeing figures are less noticeable under modern regulations, but it is doubtful if they are more comfortable.

Sometimes, if a gate or door stands open, one may get a glimpse of one of those charming gardens which enshrine silence and privacy in the crowded capital. In the morning school-children throng the streets with serious faces but with willing hearts, for in Japan the schools have acquired the art of being interesting. The usual dress of the girls is modified both for study and for play; the boy is condemned to wear the ugly German cap.

Occasionally one meets a Buddhist or Shinto priest, and sometimes a funeral passes him in the street. Buddhism has come to be associated with death in the minds of the people at large, and formerly the Buddhist priests almost uniformly officiated at funerals; to-day Shinto funerals, generally of important people, are often seen. The funeral procession is pictorial and often impressive. Flower standards, lanterns, and great masses of flowers give the moving line of figures, many of them in white, color and brightness; for in Japan death is largely robbed of its gloomy associations. Cages are often carried and opened during the ceremonies, and the birds fly away singing—a very beautiful piece of symbolism. Japanese life is saturated with symbolism; if one understood all that lies back of the sights and sounds seen and heard in the streets of Tokyo, he would uncover many of the secrets of the Japanese spirit.



LONG FLIGHTS OF ANCIENT STONE STEPS

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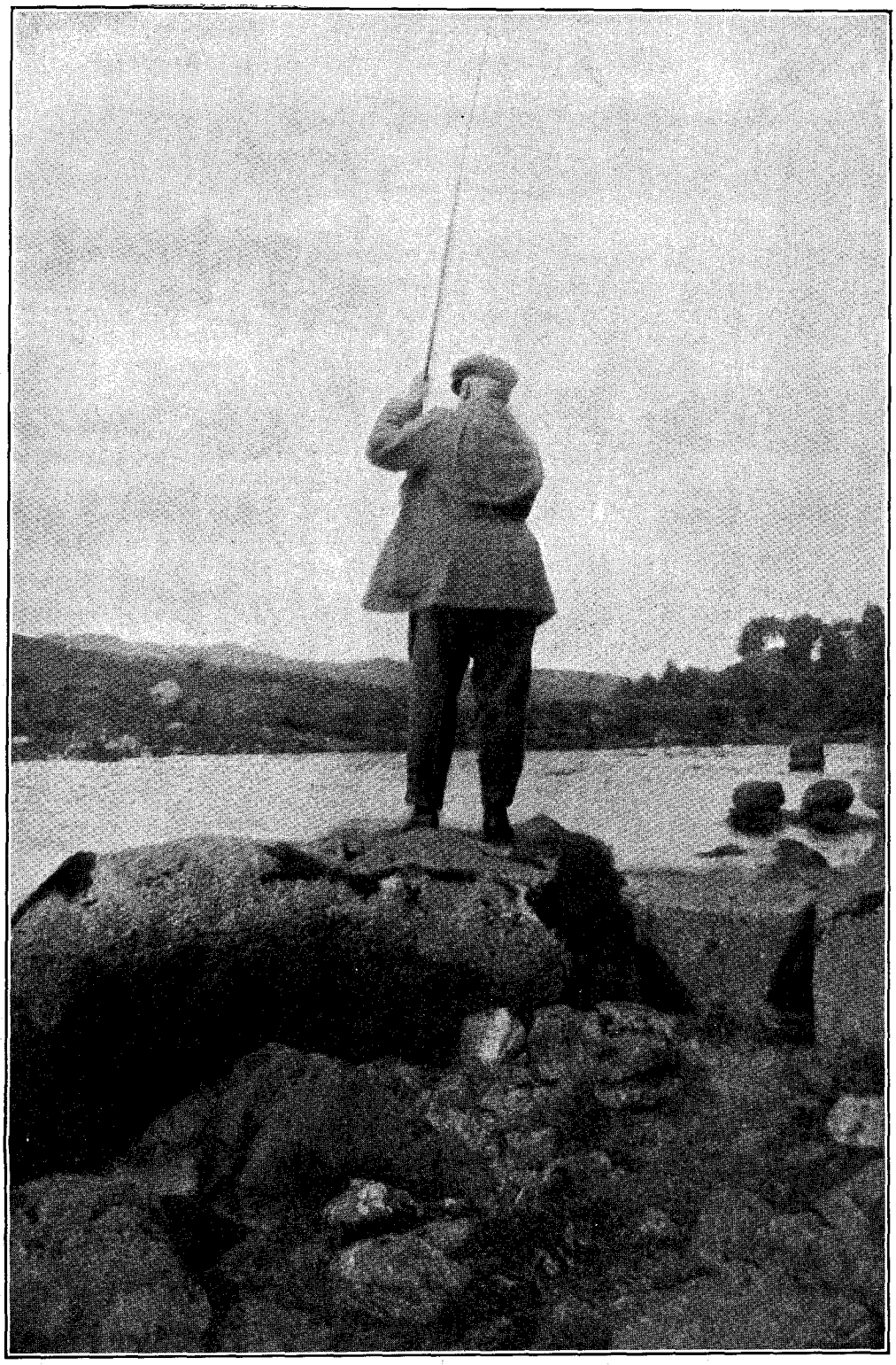

FISHING IN THE AWE RIVER REQUIRES GREAT SKILL AND SURE FOOTING TO LAND A SALMON

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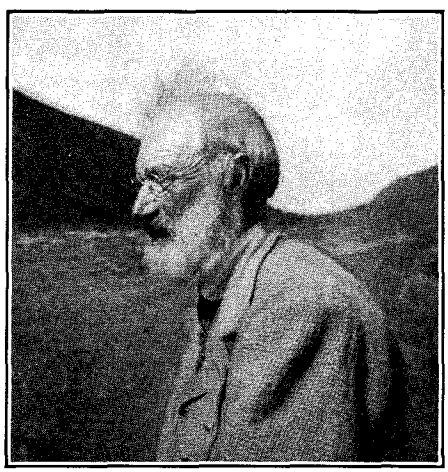
A FISHERMAN'S RAMBLE IN SCOTLAND

BY THERON G. STRONG

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARTHA PRENTICE STRONG

ON August 12, when the "long vacation" begins, all Britain shoulders its rod and gun and makes its annual attack on grouse and fish, prepared upon the slightest prospect of success to kill or catch. August in Scotland is not the month of the salmon fisherman; his lucky star is not then in the ascendant. The rivers are apt to be low; the new arrivals, fresh from the sea, are infrequent, and the fish which have been a considerable time in the river are sluggish and inactive, calmly reposing with head resting on a boulder, impervious to their surroundings, only occasionally lured to "rise" after patient and persistent efforts. But anglers not so absorbed by the lure of the fish as to allow it to absorb everything else will soon discover that the natural surroundings, with which are interwoven the history and legends of the Scot, are the chief attractions. The opportunities and conditions for sport may not be favorable, but the fisherman's luck will be less disappointing as he is led into by-paths and out-of-the-way places where the beauty and wildness of the Highlands will delight him as he breathes the bracing and energizing air and treads heather-clad moors, or journeys by attractive walks or drives over perfect roads through Highland lands.



ARCHIE—MY GHILLIE

Ability to catch with the camera the haunts of the fisherman has in recent years increased the attractiveness of these out-of-the-way rambles, and if, while fishing, "my lady" and her camera are at hand, alert during the gleams of sunshine in the intervals of cloudy skies, Scotch mists, and frequent showers to get the picturesqueness and indeed the grandeur of the Highlands, she, at least, will have a creel of negatives, whatever may be the result with the rod. The most valuable waters are carefully preserved, and are chiefly under lease in connection with the grouse or deer forests, and one is rarely let without the other. Good stretches of water attached to the leases of various inns are available, some free to guests, while others command a considerable payment in addition to hotel charges. Fishing associations also, such as the "Hebridean," which controls the "Blackwater" in the Isle of Harris; another which controls the Esk and Liddle, and another in Taynuilt which commands some of the best pools on the Awe, having as their object the freeing of the rivers from nets and preserving them for angling with the fly, furnish fishing privileges. The price of the sport differs greatly on different rivers. On some, cards for the day, week, month, or season are issued. Others are divided into "beats," such as on the Awe, extending from near the outlet of Loch Awe six or seven miles. A stretch of about two miles on the upper end along the northern bank is attached to the lease of the Dalmally Hotel, and may be fished at five pounds a week. On the Erne fishing rights may be had at four pounds a day, and on the Tay the price is six pounds a day. In the island of Lewis, the scene of William Black's "Princess of Thule," is the famous river Grimersta, reached by steamer from Mallaig to Stornoway, and a drive of seventeen miles to a small lodge accommodating five fishermen. Notwithstanding its inaccessibility, the fishing privilege, including board and transportation between the lodge and pools, and the services of two ghillies, commands thirty pounds a week; but at these figures the fishing is far less expensive than leasing a stretch of water.

It is a charming Highland nook through

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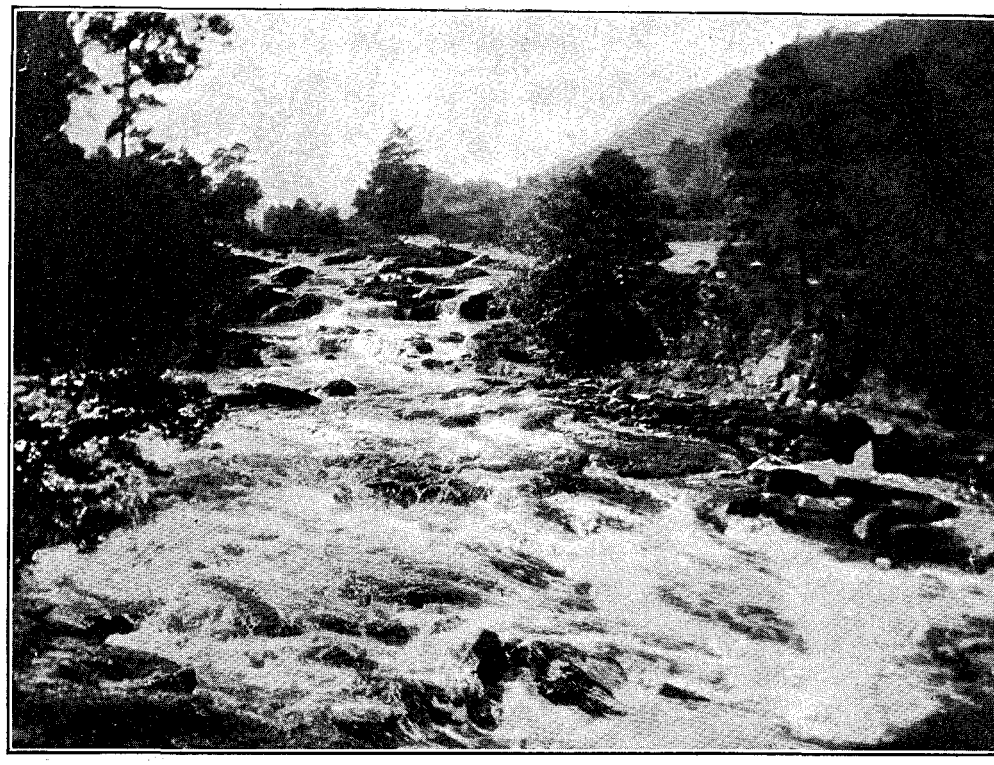

FROM THE PICTURESQUE HILLS THE DOCHART WATERS GLIDE OVER THE ROCKS INTO FOAM

which the Orchy sweeps in picturesque serenity under an ancient stone bridge, the village kirk and manse standing on the river bank embowered in trees, with the braes of the Highland moors as a background. From the door of the attractive little inn, with its comfortable hospitality, is a scene of restful loveliness, with excellent roads stretching out, one to the pass and glen of Orchy, another by a fine drive to Inveraray, where, as a guest at its inn, one may fish the river Aray in view of the towers of Inveraray Castle, the seat of the Duke of Argyle, while a third winds its way along the very shores of Loch Awe through the narrow pass of Brander, skirting the banks of the turbulent Awe past Taynuilt and on to Oban.

The stretch open to the guests of Dalmally Inn is known as the Breadalbane waters, which have yielded in the past, as they are likely to do in the future, lordly specimens of the noble fish weighing the scales at fifty pounds, while those of forty or more are not considered rare. Think of the exploit of my ghillie, who on one occasion hooked and landed unaided a fish of forty-three pounds! On the walls of the inn alluring photographs of Awe salmon of fifty pounds weight, according to the record, will arouse enthusiasm.

The ride to the pools will afford ever-increasing pleasure, wending through the pass of Brander along the shores of Loch Awe, with Killchurn Castle, the ancient seat of the Breadalbane Campbells, on a point of land near the head of the loch, and Ben Creuachan rising abruptly from the opposite bank where the rushing Awe receives the waters of the loch, every foot of ground associated with the days of Bruce and Rob Roy, the MacGregor clan and Bruces' warfare, and the persecution, the MacGregors would say, of the Campbells, and the depredations, the Campbells would say, of the MacGregors.

At every turn are splendid vistas of loch and river, the precipitous side of some Ben rising sheer from the shore, bare of tree or shrub, clad only in its robe of heather. Nothing will relieve the solitude of the moorlands unless it be the tiny white specks here and there indicating grazing sheep; and maybe the shepherd boy and his collie keeping their lonely watch will be seen, while occasionally will pass along a game-keeper patrolling his

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territory, or by the riverside an angler will be casting over a pool, his ghillie waiting expectantly. Just above rise precipitous hills dressed in all their variegated foliage, and at intervals picturesque cascades pour their waters down the little glens on their way to the loch or river.

In Sir Walter's story of the "Highland Widow" there is a description of the pass of Brander as it was in the early days, its now excellent road only a foot-path, which the men of Bruce and Rob Roy used to traverse when

"One blast from out the bugle horn
Was worth a thousand men."

It was at the riverside near the pools that I was introduced to Archie—my ghillie—a ghillie of a rare type, for he was not only a Scotchman but, strange to say, a teetotaler. Notwithstanding his seventy years, his tall figure was lithe and his footing sure as he guided my uncertain footsteps.

"What would you like me to call you?" said I, as we started our day.

"Ou, ay, Archie, jist."

"But I am your junior and should treat you with respect due to your years."

"Ay, weel, my name is Archie MacDonald; I have always been 'Archie' and I shall always be 'Archie,' and you will call me 'Archie' as weel."

I began to fear the critical eyes of this expert salmon angler. When we rested for lunch in the little hut conveniently placed for shelter by the riverside, curiosity as to how he regarded my efforts led me to venture the query—"Now, Archie, I suppose you are thoroughly disappointed with your American fisherman."

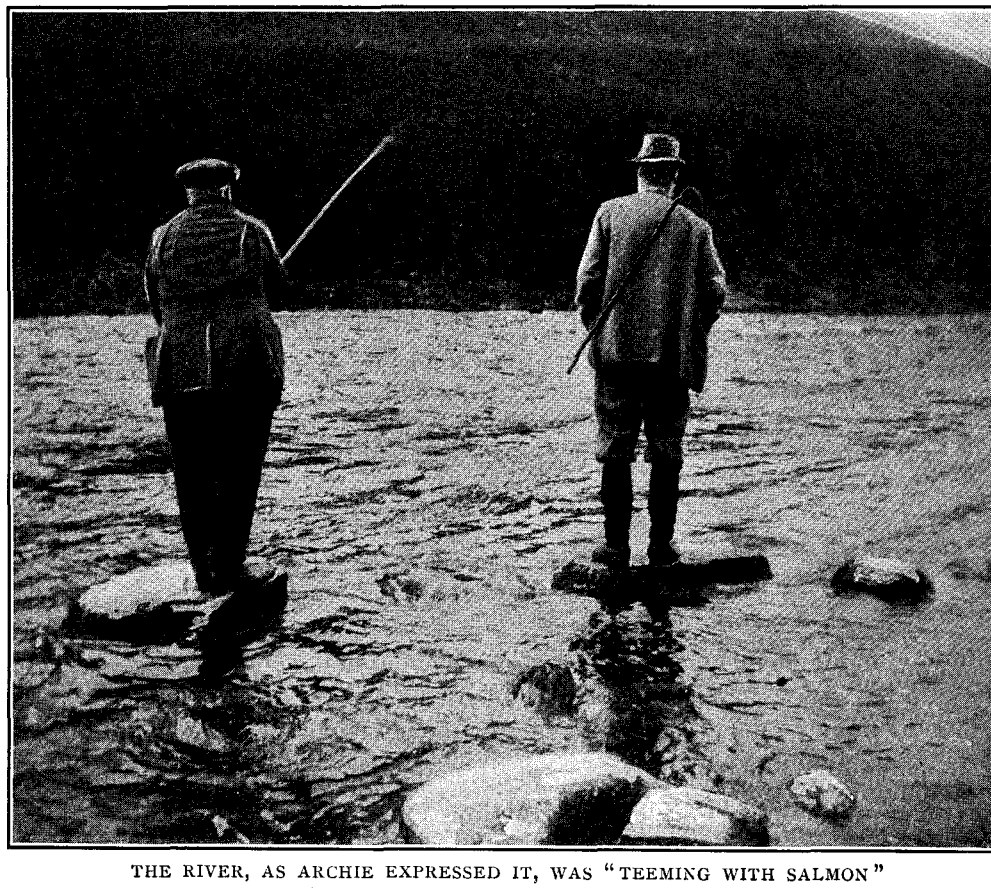
"Nae, nae, I am ne'er disappointed with any ane."

"But I am sure you must be at least discouraged."

"Nae"—hesitantly—"I will not say that, either. Nae, I am not discouraged."

"But, if you are not discouraged, surely you cannot be encouraged."

Here he deliberated, but finally came the



THE RIVER, AS ARCHIE EXPRESSED IT, WAS "TEEMING WITH SALMON"

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response—"Ou, ay, not muckle, but a wee bit."

Archie could not look with approval upon my sixteen-foot Forrest rod nor on my Mills reel, which have so often stood the test admirably. "What could you do with a wee toy like that? You should hae a rod like Colonel Murray—eighteen foot at the least, wi' tackle that wad hold the fish against the current and land the biggest within ten minutes after being hooked." Truly Archie was living in the long past of forty years ago, before the day of lighter tackle, with greater chance for the fish and greater need of skill by the angler. I can imagine a doughty Colonel, fresh from the field of carnage, determined to kill at all hazards, with a rod like a weaver's beam, and a cast or leader of triple strands of gut, and Archie lost in wonder and admiration as the salmon was dragged almost by main strength to the gaff.

Fishing the Awe is a strenuous proceeding in the presence of its turbulent and swift-flowing waters. When a salmon is hooked, the rush of the waters in its descent of 120 feet in the mile, and the rush of the fish, combine to test the skill of the angler to the uttermost; and to follow the fish is even to the young and agile by no means easy, but to one burdened with the weight of years and hampered by stiffened muscles it is accomplished with difficulty.

In such rivers as the Awe wading is not practicable, the water being so strong that little distance from the shore can be gained except with considerable risk, and indeed positive danger. To reach the most promising pools, stone jetties or stagings have been erected at convenient points, furnishing secure though somewhat narrow footing, and at others iron stanchions have been placed some distance out in the bed of the stream, to which a plank is extended, with a second plank extending at right angles from the first to another stanchion. To the novice the use of the planks as they bend with the movement of the angler, the river sweeping beneath, seems impossible, but after braving the dangers of a fall into the river and keeping "your head tightly screwed on," as Bishop Creighton used to say, so as not to lose it in the rushing waters, the plank-fishing will prove a useful adjunct; and although after hooking a salmon it will be almost an acrobatic feat to regain the shore, the risk will add zest to the sport; and with practice, including perhaps a ducking, the feat will be performed with some sense of security, although there will always be a sense of danger. It was bad enough to step boldly out on the jetties or stagings, a perilous foothold from whence to cast, with the swift-flowing water ready and sweeping along; but to march out upon the eighteen-inch planks was not for me. Archie, however, was equal to it, notwithstanding his seventy years, as he lightly stepped out and cast a long line to the middle of the stream.

Stepping-stones are placed at some of the pools, but often they are nearly submerged, and at best furnish a precarious footing. It is only when the water is not more than normally high that they can be used, except by some unusually experienced and sure-footed ghillie, like an agile fellow I saw, evidently bent on killing a salmon for his laird's table, step fearlessly out on the submerged stepping-stones and cast with the freedom of one on dry land.

The river, as Archie expressed it, was "teeming with salmon." He was positive of it, and if he used the expression with the customary Scotch caution against committing himself absolutely upon any subject whatever, I have no doubt of the fact. The frequent leaping of large salmon bore him out, and patience was sorely tried by what seemed to indicate a disposition to trifle and manifest contempt of even Archie's skill. Although they did not "rise" for us, there was a kind of selfish satisfaction in watching the futile efforts of skillful fishermen and of expert ghillies, for if *they* could not get a "rise," what mattered failure, so long as the piscatorial credit of American fishermen remained unimpaired!

The facility with which a change of rivers is made is an attractive feature of Scotch fishing. A little journey by rail, or a charming drive, introduces to some picturesque nook near a rapid-flowing river, a new set of natural and historical surroundings, and a new ghillie with new depths to fathom.

Although loth to leave Dalmally and the Awe, inclination for a change was gratified by a beautiful drive of about twelve miles further up the Orchy to the Bridge of Orchy. Here, just as at Dalmally and along the Awe, one will still be on the Breadalbane estate with its four hundred thousand acres, mostly of moorlands, lochs, and rivers, little villages scattered here and there, every inn, farm, and house, and I might add every man,

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DALMALLY HOTEL IS SITUATED ON THE NORTH BANK OF THE AWE RIVER
The section is known as Breadalbane waters, and the guests are at liberty to fish there

woman, and child, under the sway of the "most noble Marquis." It was on the banks of the Orchy that America's friend, John Bright, relieved the strain of statesmanship, philanthropy, and business, and wielded his salmon rod with marked success. The inn, a diminutive, old-fashioned, and unpretentious hostelry, with its high-sounding name "Inveroran Hotel," stands three miles from the Bridge Station, at the side of a fine road traversing the heart of the Highlands, fortunately no nearer, affording an exhilarating walk past Loch Tulla, with "Blackmount," the celebrated deer forest and the hunting lodge of the Marquis on the opposite shore, and maybe a sight such as was presented of one of the most glorious double rainbows that ever happened, yielding one of those rarities, a photograph of a rainbow.

The deer forest with its pine-covered sides, well called Blackmount, furnishes an abundance of deer-stalking, and, as it happened that the Marquis and a house party were enjoying the hunting, one of his trophies generously bestowed at the inn afforded a taste of Scotch venison, which, quite naturally of course, seemed hardly equal in flavor to our own.

Guests of the inn are permitted to fish a two-mile stretch of the Orchy; a drive of five miles to the pools affording a charming introduction while breathing in bracing air, amid picturesque surroundings, the close touch with nature developing, as the day goes on, into intimacy. This leisurely way of commencing the day is quite in keeping with what I may call Scotch aversion to early hours. There no one ever thinks that it avails anything to fish before half-past nine in the morning, and no one is ever heard to urge an early start; and I do not believe the proverbial reward of early rising ever had for the Scot the slightest attraction. A leisurely start seems to be the proper thing. *Festina lente*, as old Sir Thomas Browne translated it, "celerity should be contempered with cunctation," is the rule of action.

Fishing on the Orchy, although free to guests at the inn, is otherwise rigidly preserved under rules promulgated by the Breadalbane Estate, under which the right to fish is limited to the south bank, the artificial fly alone permitted, and the ghillie here (not as in other waters) not allowed to fish, as the rules express it, "on any pretext whatever." The river has a run of eighteen miles from Loch Tulla through Dalmally until it empties into Loch Awe. It differs from the Awe,

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being not only smaller, but there is an absence of the boulders which characterize many rivers, the shores and bed being a formation of rocky ledges upturned at irregular angles which ofttimes renders the approach to the pool difficult, and calls for agility and circumspection in descending from the banks above. A good road along its banks makes the passage easy from one pool to another, and there are constantly splendid vistas up and down the river with its succession of cascades, and on every hand the wild grandeur of the moors and the bold eminences of Ben Veagh and Ben Doran.

The salmon of the Awe and the Orchy, it is said, are of different varieties, the former remaining in the Awe on their ascent from the sea, while the latter pass on through the loch up the Orchy. The Awe salmon seem to be stockier and shorter, with a small, symmetrical head, while the Orchy salmon has a long and slim body, and a head characterized by length and flatness, with a lower jaw terminating in a pronounced upward hook. Otherwise the difference disappears, and whether there is a real difference in variety is at least uncertain. A like difference in other waters is noticeable; for instance, in the East and the Torrent, flowing into Hawke Bay, Newfoundland.

It is not well to look to the ghillie for much companionship; certainly none such will be found as in the Yankee or Irishman, or in the men of the Canadian Provinces. The Scotch ghillie is so reserved and cautious, and the information he imparts and the sentiments he expresses are hedged about by so much doubt and uncertainty, that it will be difficult, if not impossible, to induce him to commit himself to any proposition, however plain. And then his dialect, a mixture of Gaelic with Scotch pronunciation of English words, is often bewildering. At the Orchy my ghillie was a fine, obliging, modest, reliable fellow, an expert in his calling, from the island of Skye. His dialect was a constant puzzle, and his reserve and caution, almost abnormally developed, made intercourse with him a genuine diversion, adding a new element in the pursuit of sport.

We departed one day to seek a better country, not knowing whither we went, and finally brought up near the shores of Loch Tay at the little village of Killin, with its charming inn and row of little one-story thatched-roof cottages straggling along its single broad street. Here the Dochart and the Lochay pour into Loch Tay; and, in the direction of the Lochay a combination of attractive villas, lofty moorlands, placid expanse of winding river and perfect road stretching afar through the tree-covered glen will be a delight. A detour across the Lochay to Finlarig Castle, or all that is left of it in ivy-clad walls and towers; the ubiquitous guide, in the person of the keeper's wife, imparting, automatically almost, a quantity of historical and legendary lore; her husband the keeper, a venerable Scot of eighty, in kilts and plaid, with long, flowing white beard, and eyes as blue as the bluebells of bonny Scotland, with benignant countenance and erect and vigorous presence, bearing the elegant silver-gilt-mounted pipes of Breadalbane, as he tells of his forty-two years as a piper in the Indian army, and I don't know how many years as piper to the Marquis and keeper of Finlarig, are indeed worth while. "Major Campbell is my name," said he; "Major, not because I hold a commission, but from being piper at the left of the line, who always bears the title of Pipe Major." The moors and glens echo the strains from his pipes, even now piping as lustily as of old. His recital of how this was the early seat of the Breadalbane Campbells, of their fierce conflicts with the McNabbs, on the other side of the Dochart, at the upper end of the village not far away, and how finally McNabb's bond given for a money loan by Breadalbane accomplished what arms could not do in dislodging McNabb from his ancestral domain and transferring it to Breadalbane, thus proving again the truth of the adage that "the pen is mightier than the sword," and his story of Finlarig, now used as a burial-place of the Breadalbane Campbells who repose in a modern mausoleum standing beside the ruined castle, will not be forgotten.

The fishing in the Lochay is not so promising as to be worth the trouble of negotiating for it, especially with the Dochart at hand, and a half-day will be delightfully spent going up the glen and back through the village to where the Dochart rushes under the fine old stone bridge, and, leaning upon its parapets, gazing upon the rush of waters that spread out just above in a broad expanse of tumbling foam and glide beneath the bridge into a deep channel surrounding an island and disappearing in Loch Tay. Here on this island will be seen from the bridge the ancient stone arch, with its large center archway and a small one on either side marking the entrance

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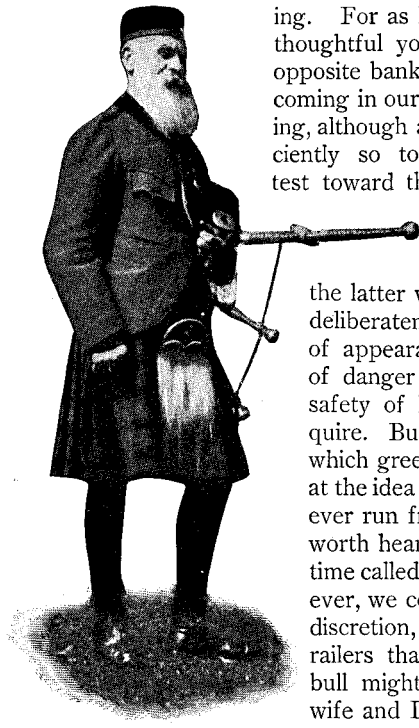
to the burial-place of the McNabbs—the center reserved as the entrance of the chiefs to their final resting-place, and the two smaller for their followers.

Here legends abound of the Breadalbane Campbells, the McNabbs, and the McNishes, their neighbors on Loch Erne, and the warfare of their clans. One of them tells how the chief of the McNabbs, who had twelve stalwart sons, after pondering his revenge upon the McNishes for waylaying one of the McNabbs who had journeyed to Crieff to procure supplies for an entertainment, entered one night the presence of his sons with the significant remark, "The night is here, but where are the men?" Whereupon his sons launched their boat on Loch Tay, bore it across country to a tributary of Loch Erne, whence they journeyed to the stronghold of the McNishes, and, battering down its door, the eldest son, a giant in stature and strength, seized McNish, laid him across his knee, and, notwithstanding his struggles, proceeded to sever McNish's head from the body, and bore it back in triumph to his father. In the burial-place of the McNabbs, upon a slab commemorative of the feat, is carved a representation of men bearing a boat with oars.



"PIPE MAJOR"

Just around the corner of the island are the grounds of Auchtermuchtie House, where may be seen a grapevine larger than that at Hampton Court, inclosed in and extending the entire length of a glass house 178 feet long, its main stem like a large tree in the center, with its arms reaching out to either end, and its delicious black clusters hanging from the sides and roof in tempting profusion. The tenancy does not include it, for no tenant will assume its expense, which is out of all proportion to its pecuniary productiveness, for, notwithstanding its large yield of high-priced fruit, the amount realized is hardly sufficient to pay for the coal consumed in warming it. Whatever its value commercially may be, surely it was glorious to look upon.

The Dochart fishing will extend two miles on the south bank, but it is necessary to be on the lookout for a big bull, than which I know of nothing better to preserve the fishing. For as I was plying my rod a thoughtful youth appeared on the opposite bank and warned us of his coming in our direction. The fishing, although alluring, was not sufficiently so to delay a speed contest toward the nearest boundary wall, over which we scrambled — man, wife, and ghillie—the latter with as much Scotch deliberateness as an innate pride of appearance in the presence of danger and regard for the safety of his charge could require. But the unfeeling raillery which greeted him on our return at the idea that a "hillman should ever run from a bull" was well worth hearing, but at the same time called for sympathy. However, we commended his Scotch discretion, and reminded the railers that, however afraid the bull might be of hillmen, my wife and I were not "hillmen."

Better far than the sport the Dochart yields will be natural scenes of exceptional charm on every hand upon a drive by perfect roads on either side of Loch Tay, or by steamboat on the Loch from Killin to Kenmore, where Taymouth Castle, the seat of the Marquis, stands in its splendid park. Surely there will be the visit to Glen Lyon, down which in a narrow gorge the river pours. The road skirts the hillsides far above among luxuriant trees, thence along the foot of the lake past Fortingal, with its cluster of houses and picturesque inn; shortly after, it enters the Castle Park, its avenue wending through woodlands with glimpses here and there of the castle and ending at the Breadalbane Arms, at the park gates. Here the whole of Loch Tay is spread out in a view of extraordinary beauty. As a guest of the little inn, miles of the Lyon as well as the waters of the Loch will be open to fish for salmon and trout. But the trips on the Loch, the coach ride to Aberfeldy, the drives and walks in every direction, and the loveliness of the surroundings, with an entire absence of the tourist throng, furnish a rare combination of piscatorial sport, interesting excursions, and healthful exercise.

The Highlands without the bagpipes are almost unthinkable. Their musical blare is as much a Scotch element as the Scotch mist,

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the Scotch moorlands, and, I might add, the smoky flavor of the Scotch whisky. One may not want to hear them elsewhere, but in the Highlands you do want to hear them, and, moreover, you expect to hear them, and miss them if you do not. And, when listening to the strident notes of martial music produced by military pipers in kilts and plaids at the head of the Royal Scotch Guards, as they march with streamers flying along the streets of Edinburgh amid the solemnity and hush of a Scotch Sunday, or as they are heard amid the solitude of the Highland moors, piping "The Campbells are Coming" and "The Cock of the North," the thrill of their weird notes will be felt, and there will be no wonder at the Scots' love of them. To be sure, the piper is not always picturesque nor even presentable, but will rather suggest the explanation of the Highlanders' exclamation, "God bless the Duke of Argyle!" when he avails himself of the scratching-post erected by the benevolent Duke for the use of his afflicted fellow-countrymen.

The solemn hush of a Scotch "Sawbath," the shades of all windows drawn, the silences of silence without and within, the countenances expressing religious depression, the thin attendance at the village kirk, the lugubrious theology of the "meenister," provoke one to sing something much less cheerful than

"O day of rest and gladness! O day of joy and light!"

If ever a Scotch Sabbath had for the traveler its full measure of depression, it was that following the Saturday when, at one of the Highland inns, our kindly host, without premonition, was laid low, his death casting over us all a deep shadow. Of all untoward things I know of none equaling a small Scotch inn which has become the abode of death, where one is a guest on a typical Sabbath in the Highlands, with a constant emphasis on the sad event through the necessity, in reaching one's room, of passing that containing the mortal remains of the departed. The only diversion, and very little of it too, was the service at the kirk, whither we were drawn by a small sense of duty and a large measure of curiosity. But the rows of empty pews, the handful of villagers at the rear, the joyless psalm tunes, the struggle of the minister to perform his full duty, increased the general gloom, and in such circumstances it was as difficult for us as it was for the Israelites to "sing the songs of Zion in a strange land." We could only "hang our harps on the willows," and in a vigorous tramp on the picturesque road, lined with luxuriant foliage, along the banks of the Orchy, threading its silvery way, find surcease from melancholy reflections. Thus, with heartfelt sympathy for the afflicted, we watched the slowly passing hours of the "ebbing day," and welcomed the resumption of secular travel with the relief of an early departure.

It is only a little corner of the land of the Scot of which I have been telling, but, after it all, one cannot wonder at the Scot's love of its banks and braes, its lochs and rivers, its broad moors, pine-covered forests, and lofty bens, with their ballads appealing to the heart and their legends appealing to the fancy, under the inspiration of which Scott wrote "The Fair Maid of Perth" and Burns sang his songs of Perth and Argyle.

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WILLIAM CAMERON FORBES

A GOVERNOR-GENERAL AT WORK

BY O. GARFIELD JONES

Since the following article was written President Wilson has appointed, and the United States Senate has confirmed, Mr. Francis Burton Harrison as successor to Governor-General Forbes of the Philippines. Comment on the appointment will be found in The Outlook for September 6.—THE EDITORS.

"FORBES is coming!" Whit called to me as I came out of the school-house at the close of the afternoon session.

"You don't say! Who said so?"

"The Governor just got a telegram. He'll be in on the Pollilo at five o'clock."

Whit hastened into the trade school to clean up things, and I began looking for some boys to mow the ball field and repair the back-stop.

W. Cameron Forbes, Governor-General of the Philippine Islands since 1908, has reduced his office work to the minimum in order to spend the maximum of time making inspection trips about the islands. He has a habit of dropping in on the provincial capitals at any time of the day or night without warning, except for a telegram a few hours in advance to insure the presence of the provincial officials and to call a mass-meeting of the citizens.

The Pollilo did not drop anchor off shore until almost dusk, so the Governor-General and his assistants did not get ashore till after

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dark. But my work on the athletic field was not entirely in vain, because the Governor-General insisted on taking a look at it by lamp-light. Not the least of the virtues of the present chief executive of the Philippine Islands is his love for manly sports. A great polo player and baseball fan, he is always willing to hold down first base on a pick-up team of Americans to show the local high school team "just how it ought to be done." Having a private fortune of his own, he gave a complete baseball outfit to the school in each of the thirty-five provinces that made the most improvements on its school grounds in 1910. In 1911 he gave a complete basket-ball outfit to the school in each province that won the most interscholastic baseball games. Being a graduate of Harvard, a grandson of Emerson, and the highest official in the Philippines, his enthusiastic personal participation in the ball games of the islands removed the stigma of "vulgar" from interscholastic athletics. As a result, the "blue-blood" families of the Philippines clipped the long finger-nails of their "cultured" sons and sent them into baseball and track work to appropriate some of the glory that was fast accruing to the "uncultured" but vigorous sons of the laboring people.

The ball field inspected, Mr. Forbes turned his attention to the government buildings. He went from room to room through the school-houses, the municipio, and the provincial building. He was a severe inspector, and did not hesitate to express his disapproval if things were not in proper shape. During a former visit to Sorsogon he reprimanded the American superintendent of schools for the dirty condition of the school-house, and for having a number of framed pictures hanging in his office that should have been distributed among the school-rooms of the province.

He visited the provincial jail and talked personally with the prisoners, asking them if they had any complaints to make. A woman prisoner said she was unjustly imprisoned, but the investigation ordered by the Governor-General failed to substantiate her claims.

The last and most important event of the evening was a mass-meeting of the citizens. The purpose of this meeting was to give the people a chance to make complaints directly to the Governor-General, and also to give the Governor-General a chance to answer these complaints in person. When I crowded my way through the mass of short, stout laborers at the door of the court-room about nine o'clock, it was only through the courtesy of the provincial governor that I secured a seat toward the front of the room. As I swept my eye over the fringe of stolid-faced farmers around the room, shifting nervously from one foot to the other, then looked at the close-packed rows of white-clothed, brown-skinned landowners and business men seated on the narrow benches, and finally turned to the row of white-uniformed, white-skinned officials who seemed almost gigantic under the flickering glare of the smoky lamps at the front of the room, I was struck with awe by the contrasts that the room presented. "Was it possible," I asked myself, "that, by furnishing similar education, training, and environment, these big, fair-faced Teutons and these short, brown-skinned Malays could be made to act and think and feel alike?"

The first speaker was from the village of San Roque, and in an impassioned address he declared the personal tax of two pesos too high. Then a man from Guinlahon asked that an agricultural school be started in the province. He pointed out that, since Sorsogon was a strictly one-crop province, the existing low price of hemp made it imperative that more diversified farming be introduced to save the already declining business of the province from complete decadence. Then a big landowner got up and complained that the land tax was too high. He admitted that seven-eighths of one per cent was not a high rate, but he said the hemp land had been appraised when hemp sold for twenty pesos a picol, and then the price had fallen to ten pesos a picol. Thus the apparently low tax rate was really burdensome because of the unfair evaluation of the land.

The Governor-General, addressing the people in Spanish, said the personal tax was not too high, because those who could not pay it in cash could work it out in five days on the road. Furthermore, half of this personal tax went to the provincial road fund, and, by improving the roads of the province, raised the standard of wages for the laborers and the price of hemp for the landowners. The Governor-General also called their attention to the fact that one faction was asking for lower taxes, which meant less revenue, while another faction wanted an agricultural school, which meant increased expenditures. "Surely," he said, "you can see that increasing expenditures and decreasing revenues cannot go together." In regard to the high

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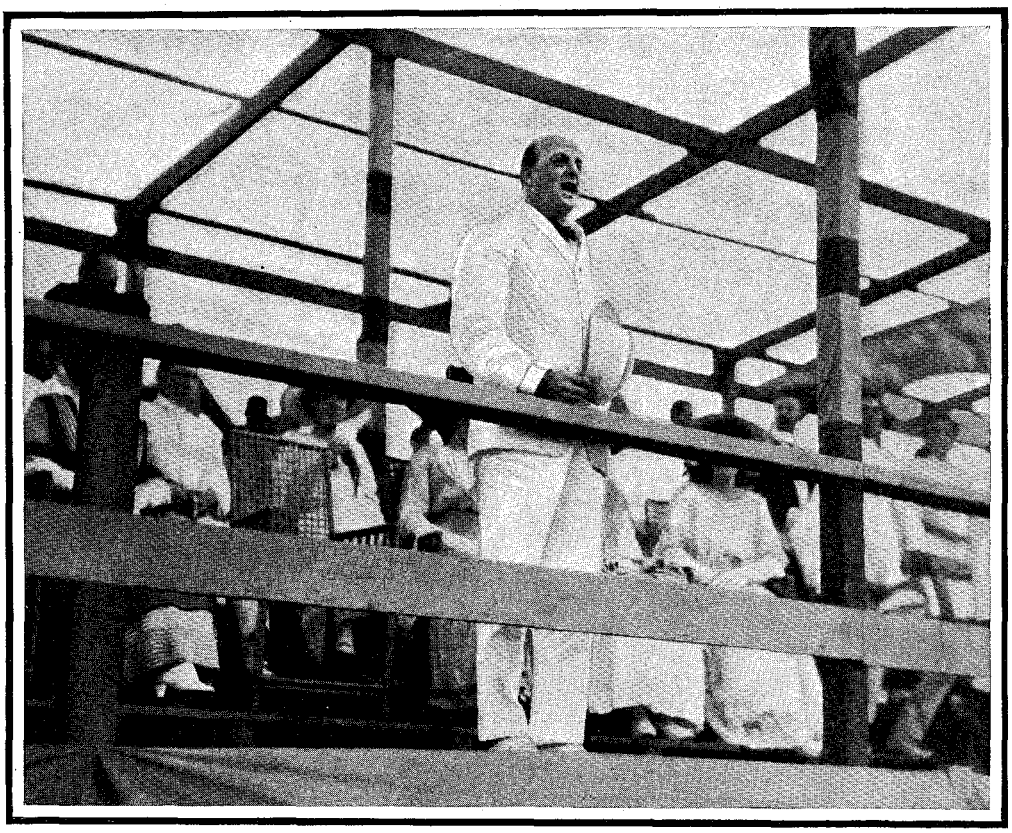

GOVERNOR-GENERAL W. CAMERON FORBES, OF THE PHILIPPINES, ADDRESSING THE CONTESTANTS AND VISITORS AT THE OPENING OF THE FIRST ORIENTAL OLYMPIAD

appraisal of the hemp land he admitted that there might be much truth in the complaint, and, turning to the executive secretary at his side, he asked that the matter be looked into.[1] Then he sat down and let his assistant, Mr. Carpenter, explain to the people the plans of the Administration with regard to agricultural schools.

By twelve o'clock the inspecting officials were all back on board the Pollilo, and she was turning her nose toward Masbate, where the Governor-General was to make an official visit the first thing in the morning.

It is this kind of personal supervision that has made it possible for us to grant the Filipinos a large measure of local self-government. People do not have to be dishonest in order to learn how to be honest; and, likewise, the Government does not have to be rotten with graft before the people can learn how to run a clean government. Because of the excellence of the present Philippine system of accounts, audits, and personal supervision, three successive treasurers in one municipality were caught using municipal funds for private purposes. Such grafting was customary under the Spanish system, so why shouldn't it work under the American system? But it didn't! In this one municipality, at least, the Filipinos are beginning to see that honesty is really the best policy.

The advocates of immediate Philippine independence either ignore the lifelong training of the present generation of Filipinos under the corrupt system of Spanish colonial politics, or else they ignore the experience that Central America has had during the last ninety years, and assume that a decade of rotten government will teach tropical Malays how to run a good government. The present American administrators in the Philippine Islands realize what a pernicious inheritance the Filipinos have from the Spanish political régime; but they hope that, just as years of bad government taught the Filipinos bad political habits and ideas, so will years of good government ultimately teach them good political habits and ideas.

[1] The price of hemp has almost doubled since June, 1912; consequently it is not likely that there will be any further complaint about the low evaluation of the hemp land.

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THE SHORT WAY TO THE BALL GROUNDS

These little victims were shown by their big brothers the shortest way to the ball field. Their parents should have told them that the road which is the longest way around is often the safest

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A NATION'S NEGLECT

BY MARCUS A. DOW

GENERAL SAFETY AGENT, NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

IN this progressive and enlightened country great strides have been made in the work of conservation of our resources. Much also has been said and done toward the conservation of health and life of the inhabitants, from the compulsory administration of smallpox vaccine to the present discussion in the matter of eugenics and health marriages. But in this progress are we not traveling in a devious route instead of a straight line, circling around problems that are vital and yet simpler to solve than many of the laudable improvements we have undertaken? Are we not, as a Nation, guilty of gross neglect in spite of our progressiveness?

A year ago, at the International Congress of Hygiene and Demography at Washington, there appeared over one of the exhibits a panel reading like this:

INSPECTED.....HOGS
PROTECTED.....FORESTS
NEGLECTED.....CHILDREN

To this might properly be added:

TOLERATED.....RAILWAY TRESPASSERS

If a dozen persons were killed in a single accident on a railway, the news would be published broadcast throughout the country, the newspapers, under great headlines, printing columns about it. But if a trespasser, either man, woman, or child, walking upon the railway track, is killed to-day, and in a similar accident another trespasser is killed to-morrow, another the third day, and so on until a dozen had met their sudden end in that manner, little or nothing would be said about it and little thought given to it. If a hundred passengers were killed in railway accidents in this country each week, the continued recurrence of such slaughter would be a topic of National concern, the public would be up in arms, widespread investigations and legislative enactments would prevail to put an end to it—yes, even if the weekly toll were one-half or one-quarter of that number. And yet the Nation goes placidly along discussing eugenics and health laws without number, and hardly a passing thought is given to the 5,284 trespassers killed on our railways in the single year ending June 30, 1912, and the continued killing day after day, year in and year out, that needs only a Nation's attention to eliminate. What a great difference it seems to make whether large numbers of persons are killed together in some train disaster, or are killed separately in many solitary tragedies, caused directly, perhaps, by their own carelessness, but fundamentally and primarily by a great National neglect or public tolerance!

And what is the reason for this lack of attention to a matter that should be regarded as a great National reproach? Is it because the American public ignorantly confuses the word "trespasser" with that of "hobo" or "tramp," shrugs its shoulders, and contents itself with the thought that such a class of persons is of little value to any community or to the welfare of the Nation, and there is no economic loss involved even though thousands of such lives are sacrificed yearly? If that is the reason, let us consider some figures that but few people who are a part of this great American public have ever considered or perhaps even heard of.

According to a statement made by Inter-State Commerce Commissioner C. C. McChord, in an address before the First Co-operative Safety Congress, held at Milwaukee in October, 1912, there were during the last twenty years on the railways of the United States 86,733 trespassers killed and 94,646 injured, or 181,379 trespassers killed and injured during that period.

On one of the great railways of the country an investigation was recently made by one of its officials for the purpose of ascertaining the status of the great body of trespassers killed annually, and the reports of 1,000 cases of fatal injury to trespassers were examined, with the result that it was found that over 75 per cent of them were not "hoboes" or "tramps," but rather were tradesmen, wage-earners, citizens living in the vicinity of where they were killed, and many were women or children of tender years. One railway that has devoted much effort to the reduction of the trespass evil on its line has classified the figures of Commissioner McChord covering twenty years' casualties to railway trespassers as follows:

25,000 young people under eighteen years of age residing in the vicinity of the accident, many of them under ten years of age.

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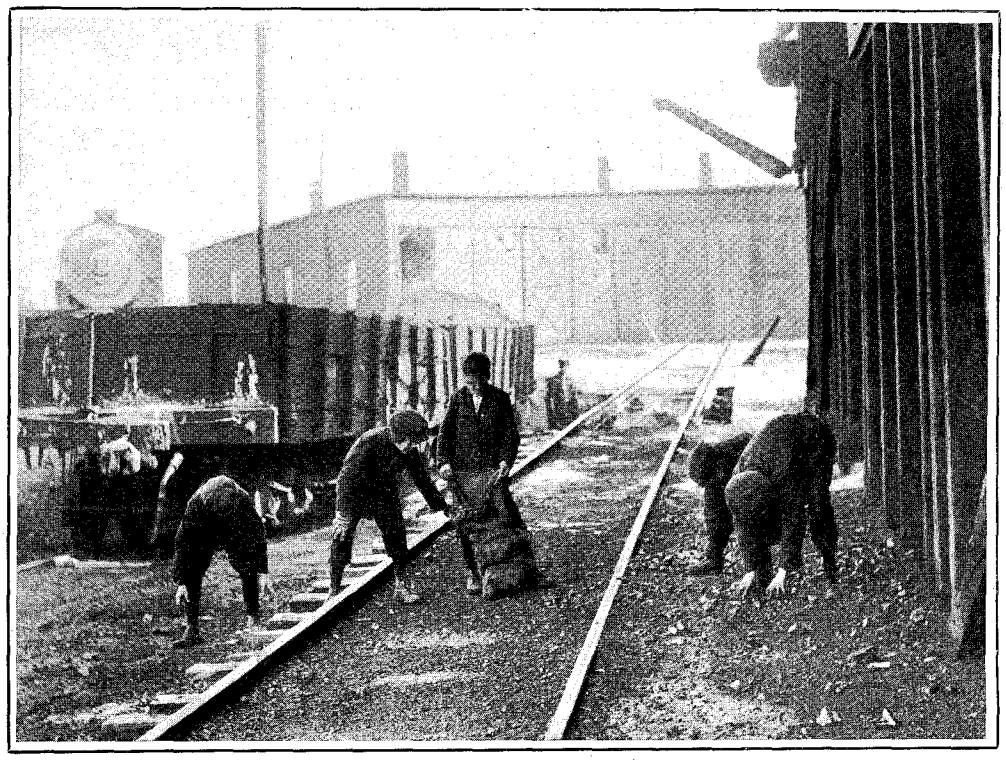
36,276 tramps and hoboes.
120,103 citizens of the locality in which the accident occurred, mostly wage-earners.

These figures are startling, and, while they may not be minutely correct, yet, based as they are upon actual comparisons within stated periods and in certain specified territories, they undoubtedly illustrate with a great degree of accuracy and faithfulness the great economic loss to this country that has been permitted negligently and inexcusably through lack of attention on the part of our educators, legislators, and others who lead in the humane work of conservation of human life in this progressive American republic.

The Inter-State Commerce Commission report for the year ending June 30, 1912, shows that during that year on the railways of this country there were 5,284 trespassers killed and 5,687 injured. Think of it! Fourteen trespassers on railways in this country killed every day and an equal number injured. Of those injured the majority were seriously maimed or crippled for life. There were thousands of able-bodied men, whose value to the community, to their families, and to themselves as producing elements, wage-earners, and dependable units in the communities where they live has been forever impaired, if not lost entirely through death resulting from the injury. There were hundreds of children of tender years sacrificed annually on the altar of indifference and inertia. Is it not time that the public woke up and put a stop to this merciless, deplorable, and inexcusable slaughter?

Perhaps the incessant recurrence of these individual tragedies of killed and injured, recorded at the rate of twenty-eight a day, like the doleful hourly striking of the town clock, is due in a measure to the happy-go-lucky recklessness and defiance of the natural law of prudence which is a largely prevalent trait of us Americans. By that same trait men will never learn by the experience of others, but prefer to learn of themselves, in the school of experience, that which no man can teach by years of preaching. But the school of experience for the railway trespasser has proven an expensive method of learning and a deplorably ineffective one, although the price of such learning has been exacted with unfailing precision, and, as the



PICKING COAL ALONG THE RAILWAY TRACKS

The parents may be in great need of fuel, who send their children on such errands, and they cannot be reached by any law to prevent their negligence. Hundreds have been injured while doing this

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records show, in fifty per cent of the cases it has been the maximum price, a human life, and in the other fifty per cent serious if not permanent injury.

If these five thousand and more persons had been killed on grade crossings, there would have been a widespread campaign for the abolition of those crossings, regardless of expense involved, although it might run into many times more than a million dollars. Yet in this progressive, humane, and enlightened country, where even an attempted suicide is severely punished by law, the happy-go-lucky, thoughtless, and careless citizens or the immature, untrained children are permitted to go unchecked to their death at the rate of thousands each year.

The deplorable loss of life among those who so foolishly place themselves in danger ought to be a sufficient reason for taking drastic measures to correct the evil; but, if that is not sufficient, let us consider another phase of the matter, and see if we can for a moment put ourselves in the place of one of the thousands of locomotive engineers in whose care the lives of many thousands of passengers are placed daily. An engineer is but a human being. He has feelings, emotions, and a heart like the rest of mankind. His duties require the strictest attention to the signals that control the movement of his train, and to the safe operation of the engine and train in his charge. It is highly important that he be a man whose nerves are not unstrung, whose mind is not distracted, whose attention is centered upon the signals, the throttle, and the train order he has to obey. Can you imagine anything more unnerving, more distracting, to him than suddenly to come upon a human being or group of human beings directly in his path? Sitting in the Pullman you may hear the shriek of the whistle and feel the grinding of the brakes, as the engineman, responding to his natural human instinct, exerts his utmost to prevent the impact that will surely and swiftly hurl another human being into eternity. But if the trespasser should chance to catch that warning and jump in time, and the engine sweeps by, barely grazing his clothing as it passes, and you feel the brakes release their hold and the train rush forward, resuming its smooth and even course, you will little realize the moment of suspense your engineman has

THE BOYS RUSH BLINDLY ACROSS THE TRACKS

Education in the public schools to teach them, on nearing railway tracks, to stop, look, and listen, is the thing needed for this class of trespassers

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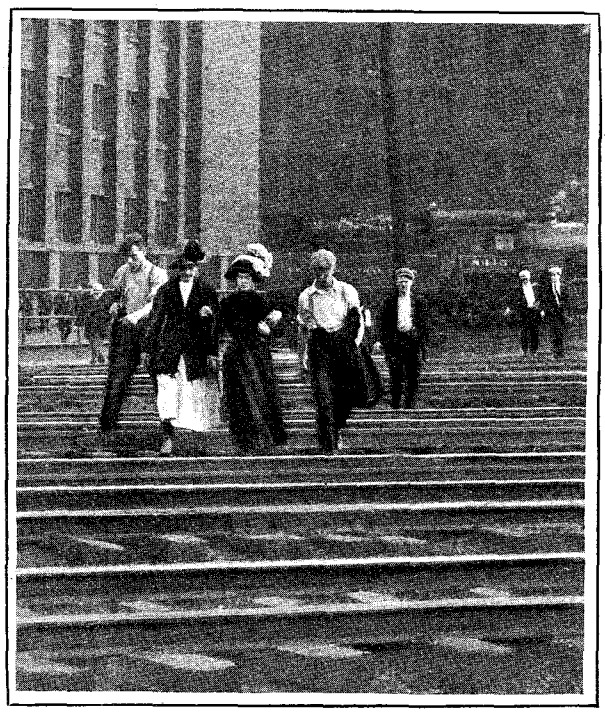

A GROUP OF TRESPASSERS

The engineer must give attention to signals, switches, and the safe operation of the trains; it is impossible for him to be on the lookout for trespassers continually

passed through, for you will not see him as he settles back, grinds his teeth, and pulls himself together, thanking his lucky stars that he has averted another killing, but cursing trespassers in general and the conditions that make such a distraction and such an unnecessary strain on his mental and nervous system possible. I once had occasion to get the story of an engineman whose engine had struck and fatally injured a "track-walker," and there were tears in his eyes and his hand trembled as he nervously passed it over his forehead in a gesture of despair and said, "Such things get my nerve—I wouldn't kill a dog if I could help it, and there is hardly a day when my heart is not in my mouth a dozen times on account of people walking the tracks in the territory through which I run, barely escaping getting caught by me." And so it is not only for the sake of saving the lives of the trespassers themselves that something should be done to stop the practice. There is the added necessity of increasing in every possible way the safety of the traveling public. If trespassing on our railways were reduced to a minimum, it would, to that extent, reduce an element that very often, temporarily at least, must tend to decrease the efficiency of some locomotive engineer by producing a disturbing effect on his mental and nervous system due to an accident, or even a threatened one, in which his engine and a trespasser are involved.

What can be done to put an end to this evil which is growing with alarming and steady strides? Can it be checked, or is it possible to eliminate it entirely or nearly so? Undoubtedly, if handled as a National problem.

In a statement issued by the Special Committee on Relations of Railway Operation to Legislation (composed of the operating heads of several of the large railways), it appears that for the years 1901 to 1910, inclusive, there were 103,452 trespassers killed and injured in the United States, while for the same period in Great Britain and Ireland there were but 5,754 trespassers killed and injured. These comparisons may be largely affected by a greater mileage on American railways, but it is nevertheless true that the British railways traverse a more densely populated and congested territory than most of our American railways. But the laws do not permit trespassing upon European railways, and therein lies the greatest factor in considering the comparisons.

There are two things that will be great factors in stamping out the trespass evil in the United States, when that powerful but now sleeping giant, the American *public*, awakens to the seriousness of this problem. These two things are: EDUCATION—LEGISLATION.

The first step should be toward education, and should begin with children in the schools—a careful, systematic, and definite plan of teaching the children Safety. During the years from 1901 to 1910 there were 13,000 children under fourteen years of age killed and injured while trespassing on railways in the United States; as one railway official has aptly put it, enough to make a mile-post for every mile half-way around the world. There were 20,000 between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one killed and injured during the same period, making 33,000 minors who were victims of the neglect of their forebears. Can a more laudable effort be made than the

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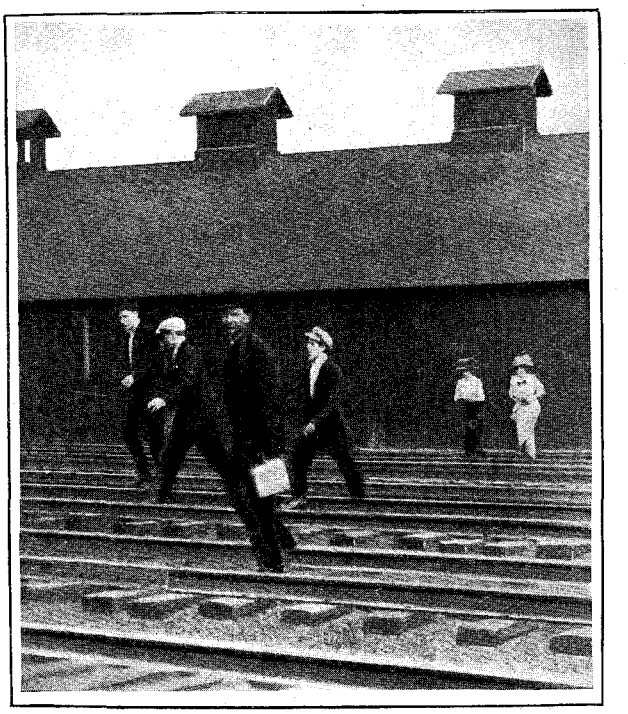
suggested one to educate the children in our schools and teach them from the beginning that to walk upon or play about the railway tracks is unsafe and prohibited? I think not. These lessons should be made full of interest, vividly outlining in the child's mind the danger and the consequences of railway trespassing, so that a lasting impression is left. Although I am speaking particularly of railway trespassing, and do not wish to deviate from my course, I will say that by all means these lessons should go still further and be made a general Safety subject, dealing with the multitude of dangers that beset the child in daily life, dangers which involve street cars, automobiles, etc., but especial attention to railway trespassing should be given, particularly in schools situated near railways or in railway districts. Certainly if the health and general welfare of the child are of sufficient importance to inaugurate systems for the examination and care of the eyes, teeth, lungs, etc., and for the improvement of all physical deficiencies, as is done in the schools throughout the country to-day, it is of equal importance to take progressive steps toward the preservation of the life and limb of that child by systematic and careful training in Safety, or accident prevention. The lessons thus given will not only work for immediate benefit in reducing the great toll of children needlessly killed and injured, but their effect will surely reach into future years, reducing the accidents to future adults, another generation of wage-earners, whose early school training has taught them the priceless habit of being careful. The lessons in the schools ought to be given at least once each week by a special teacher, and the lessons, which might be of fifteen or twenty minutes' duration, should consist of the reading of interesting stories dealing with the trespass evil and other forms of accidents, each story with a moral; and there should be Safety prizes or badges awarded for the best compositions on Safety, etc. The American Museum of Safety in New York City has done some remarkably good work along these very lines, and has published pamphlets containing stories of child interest that cannot fail to leave a lasting impression upon the childish mind; and under the auspices of the Museum these lessons have been given in the Brooklyn schools with gratifying success. Work along these lines throughout the country, adopted universally in our public schools as a part of the education of the children, will have but one certain effect, that of the permanent betterment of their material welfare.



THE RAILWAY TRACKS AS A PUBLIC HIGHWAY

It is the absence of laws and of judicial and public interest that leads the average citizen to use the railway tracks

Education, as far as adult trespassers are concerned, ought to extend into every manufacturing plant and industrial concern situated near a railway, for it is these plants that furnish by far the largest number of those who violate all rules of wisdom and prudence by walking the railway tracks, as they do on their way to and from work. Much good would be accomplished if the superintendents of such plants in every locality would adopt a plan for the education of their employees. This might be done by posting bulletins in conspicuous places calling the attention of their workmen to the danger of railway trespassing and telling them of the vast number killed and injured, and urging their men not to indulge in the practice of track-walking, or even prohibiting it under the penalty of dismissal. Manufacturers could well afford to

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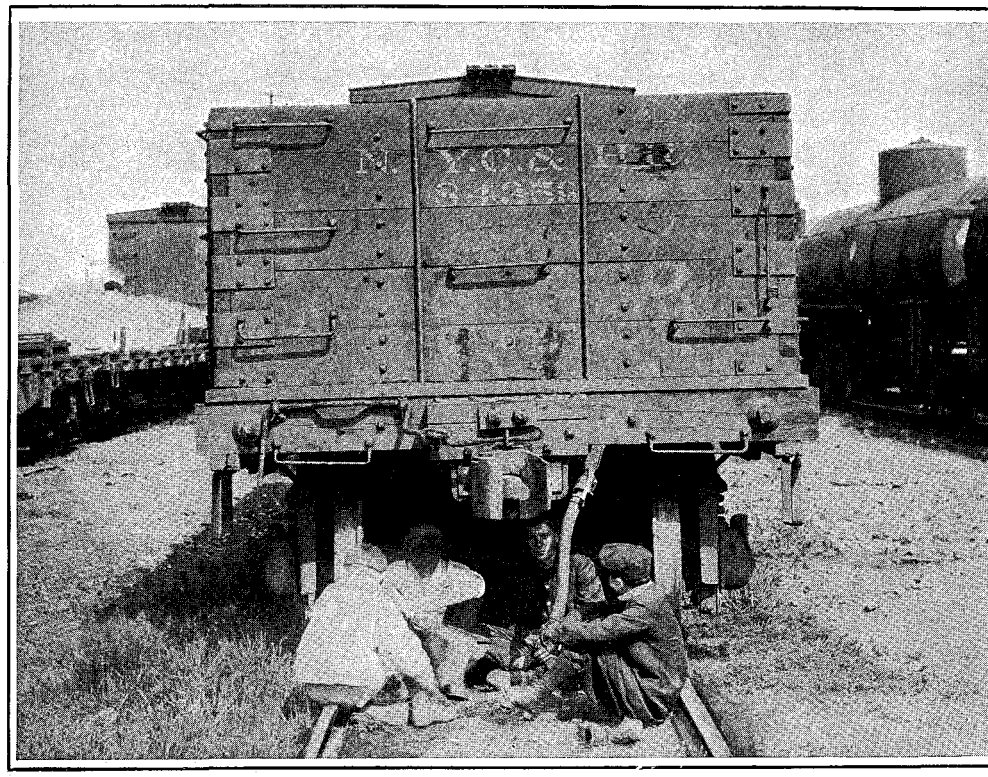

NOT AN UNCOMMON SIGHT

The coupling of the engine at the other end of these cars would surely mean death or serious injury to one or more of these boys

make this the subject of special talks or lectures to their employees.

But I have said there are two things necessary to curb the fast-growing trespass evil—*education* and *legislation*. Education properly conducted is an important step in the right direction, but this fearful loss of life and limb can never be successfully checked until we have the intervention of a proper law and law-enforcing powers. It is true that in some States there are statutes making trespassing on railways a misdemeanor and punishable by fine or jail sentence. But there is no uniformity throughout the States, and experience has shown that in the States where such laws exist it is difficult to obtain convictions even when an arrest of a trespasser is made. Magistrates are prone to discharge the offender and cast a censuring eye upon the railway officer who made the arrest. There seems to be a mistaken idea in the public mind that if a railway company attempts to prosecute such offenders, it is assuming a domineering and contemptible attitude, or exercising unduly the power of wealth over an obscure individual. But why should this be so? What is there to cause a railway corporation or official to assume such an attitude? What reason has a railway for wasting its time and money arresting, prosecuting, and campaigning against such offenders? A man does not damage the railway ties by walking on them. There is no legal redress for the trespasser who is injured, unless willfully. Is it not possible for the public to give the railways the benefit of enough generous thought to say that, after all, it is probably a commendable and humane desire on the part of the railway officials to stop as far as possible a needless and fearful slaughter? But the railways are greatly handicapped. They cannot take any concerted and effective preventive measure because they have no law, and, worse yet, no public or judicial interest to any great extent, back of them giving them the right or authority to exclude, under penalty of the law, these trespassers from their property. It is the very absence of these laws and judicial and public interest that leads the average citizen to believe that railway rights-of-way are public highways, upon which they have a right to be;

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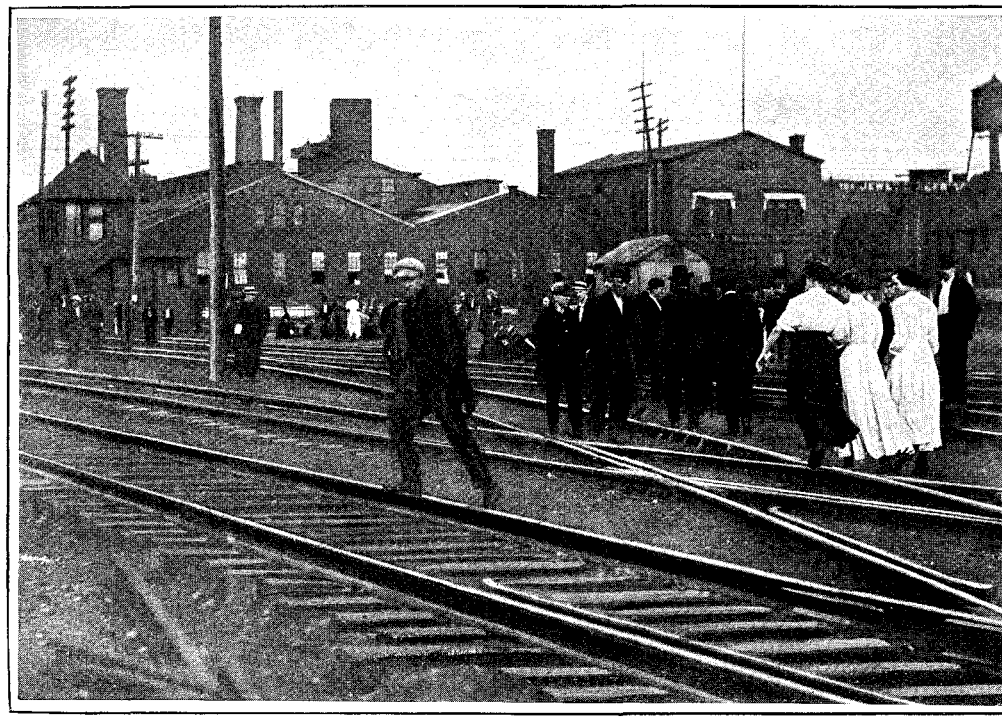
and the children, following the example of their parents, brothers, uncles, and cousins, gather about the tracks, playing about turntables, in freight yards, hopping on and off cars, and indulging in other dangerous pastimes, with the result that in nearly every city or town there are children crippled or maimed from this cause, and thousands of cemeteries contain the bodies of little ones sacrificed. And all because this great Nation, the most progressive and humane of all people, has not awakened to the seriousness of the problem—because we are the only civilized Nation in the world that has no National law prohibiting, under the penalty of a penitentiary sentence, trespassing on railway tracks, and because in those few States where there are such laws there is a woeful neglect to enforce them. The total number of railway employees and passengers killed on our railways each year is less than the total number of trespassers killed; and if it is worth while for the railways to spend millions of dollars to install and improve safety devices to prevent the killing of their own employees and passengers, why, I would ask, is it not worth while that some effective legislative action be taken by our Government to protect and save the lives of more than five thousand trespassers annually and the limbs of many thousands more? It would not cost the Nation a penny, and the saving to it of a vast economic loss, not only in the lives of its citizens, but in the reduction in the number of its helpless cripples, would be inestimable.

Not long ago there was one of these unfortunates, a machinist, who had learned his lesson through bitter experience, and who later, when able to hobble about on crutches and the stumps of what remained of his legs, was asked by a railway official why he went on the railway tracks and thus needlessly exposed himself to danger. His reply was, "I have always done it. Of course I knew it was dangerous, but I supposed I could take care of myself. Why, it's the easiest thing in the world to take a short cut down the railway tracks, and the most natural. There's nothing to stop you. If there was a law against it, and I had known I was running the risk of getting arrested and sent to prison, I would have kept off." And that is a typical case. "The easiest thing in the world, and the most natural" to trespass on railway tracks! How well that expresses the situation. Thousands upon thousands of



FACTORY WORKERS BY THE HUNDRED WALK UPON THE TRACKS HOMEWARD BOUND

They walk along absent-mindedly or thinking of everything but the fact that their lives are in danger. Manufacturers should educate or caution their employees as to the danger

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trespassers would tell you the same thing. They think they can take care of themselves, and are willing to run the risk of injury, but would hesitate to run the risk of going to the penitentiary if they knew that that would probably be the result of their recklessness. And you have only to stand on a bridge over the railway tracks in the manufacturing districts of our large cities and watch the industrial workers pour by the hundreds out on to the main line, where trains pass swiftly and with great frequency, and see the workers wend their way homeward along the tracks, some laughing and joking, others earnestly talking with one another, and others with heads bowed down, weary from their day's toil, and thinking of anything, everything, but the fact that they have placed their lives in jeopardy. You have only to go to a railway yard, especially in large cities, and watch the children, from the boy of the reckless, daring age of twelve to fourteen, to the little tots of six years and under, playing about and climbing on cars with reckless abandon, crawling under and between cars liable at any moment to be shunted or moved, or hopping on and off moving cars—doing only what they have been taught by years of example that it is not wrong to do, and adding hourly to the great sacrifice that ought to be the Nation's shame. Yes, indeed, it is easy and natural, because the Government has not held up its restraining hand and said, "Stop! you must keep off, and you will be arrested and severely punished if you do not."

We have been taught, through science, that cholera, smallpox, and other forms of epidemics are preventable. To run away from these epidemics or ignore them without trying to control and prevent them would be cowardly and the mark of base incompetence. If any people or community were to accept an epidemic of disease as inevitable, a visitation of the wrath of the Creator, or as one of the inexplicable turns of nature, and calmly wait for the community to be destroyed without combating it, they would be looked upon to-day with pity, as ignorant fatalists, incompetent, possessed of the simple mind of heathens, and unable to exert the will of real men in combating evil conditions. Are we, as progressive, humane Americans, to sit idly and allow the annual toll of death and injury to railway trespassers to continue without asserting our will in fighting to prevent it? Are we to display ourselves to the world as incompetent to deal with a condition so grave and yet apparently so simple of solution? Can we go on enacting laws that cast safeguards about birds, fish, and game, can we go on conserving our forests, spending millions for irrigation of lands, devoting brains and money for the successful development of anti-toxins, and actively striving in a thousand ways to lead the world in progressiveness and the uplifting of humanity, and yet remain blind to this vital subject, permit this evil to continue, to grow and go on, *ad infinitum*, and not intervene? We as Americans ought not to, and I think we will not, permit it for long. Let us continue being progressive and humane, but let us move in a straight line and not travel around our great trespass problem, which is, after all, not such a difficult problem, but needs only our National attention, and *education—legislation*.

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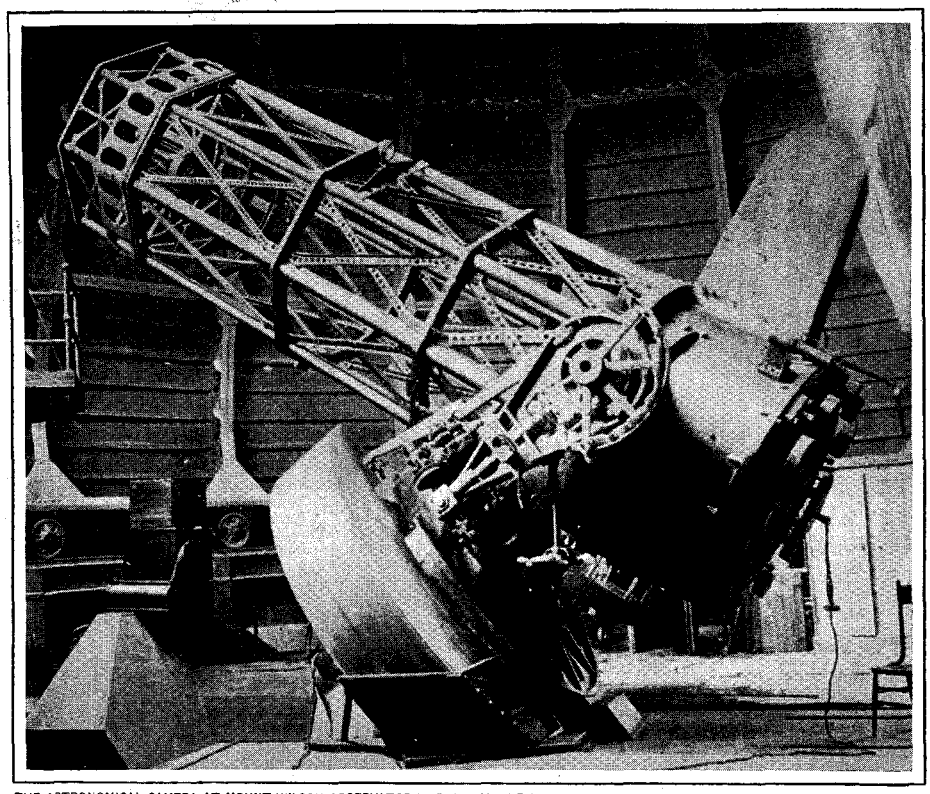

THE ASTRONOMICAL CAMERA AT MOUNT WILSON OBSERVATORY MEASURES FIVE FEET IN DIAMETER AND IS TWENTY-FIVE FEET LONG

THE GREATEST CAMERA IN THE WORLD

BY EDWARD ARTHUR FATH

THE greatest camera in the world! These words will probably bring to mind some great photographic studio with its skylight overhead, its various backgrounds, its multiplicity of chairs, couches, and similar paraphernalia, and a man with his head under a dark cloth moving a huge instrument about and studying the effects of light and shade while you are trying to look "pleasant." Such a combination, however, is not my theme—the camera of this story is not of the studio type. Instead of being used during the day, it is covered securely as long as the sun is shining; instead of being located in the heart of a busy city, it is placed on the summit of a California mountain; instead of being used to fix the features of the popular actress or the hero of the hour, its operators attempt to fathom with it the depths of the universe and wrest secrets from the stars. This great camera belongs to the Mount Wilson Observatory, located on the summit of a mountain of that name near Pasadena, at an altitude of more than a mile above the waves of the Pacific.

A special road nine miles in length had to be blasted into the flanks of the mountain, and a huge automobile truck of sixty horsepower provided, before it was possible to haul the heavier parts of the great camera to the summit. Some of these parts weighed as much as five tons each. When all the parts had been hauled to the site, the huge instrument was set up on a massive pier of reinforced concrete and inclosed in a building of steel, which protects it from the heat of the sun as well as from the rain and the snow.

This giant among cameras differs in some

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THE GREAT NETWORK NEBULA IN CYGNUS

This photograph was taken with the aid of a specially constructed mechanical instrument attached to the sixty-inch reflector which travels with the stars across the sky. This enabled the operator to make an exposure of ten hours and fifteen minutes

respects from ordinary instruments of the same name. We are accustomed to think of a camera as having a lens which throws an image of the object to be photographed on a plate, whose dimensions are several times the dimensions of the lens. The instrument under consideration has no lens. It has instead a great mirror, five feet in diameter, which has been ground and polished to such a shape that it forms an image precisely as if it were a lens. The photographic plate on which the image falls is relatively small, the

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average size measuring only four by five inches. The fact that a mirror is used instead of a lens makes some difference in the operation of this camera as compared with the ordinary type, but a consideration of this point would take us too far into the subject of optics to warrant attempting it here.

The accuracy of the reflecting surface of the mirror which is necessary is almost beyond comprehension. The particular curve given to this surface is known as a "paraboloid of revolution." It required the services of skilled men for many months before the surface of the great glass was worked to exactly the shape required. The final work had to be done entirely with wax-coated tools and the finest quality of jewelers' rouge. Day after day and month after month were spent in order to obtain the desired result. Toward the end of the process the work was so delicate that the slight friction between the wax surface of the tool and the glass warmed the latter so that the work could be carried on for but a few minutes at a time. The warming caused a slight distortion of the surface, and it was necessary to wait until it had cooled again before continuing the work. The final outcome was a wonderfully fine surface—so exact that in no place does it differ by more than two one-millionths of an inch from absolute accuracy.

In order to increase the reflecting power of the polished surface an exceedingly thin film of silver is deposited upon it. The reflection is directly from the silver film, the light never entering the glass at all. It has not been found possible to put a transparent protecting coating over the film, which is directly exposed to the air. It therefore tarnishes in time, and must be renewed. This occurs two or three times a year.

But just as the lens is not the whole of the ordinary camera, so the mirror is not all of this one. In order to use this great product of the opticians' skill, it was necessary to mount it carefully. The huge tube—twenty-five feet long—in which the mirror is hung, is made of specially shaped steel, so that it may be both light and rigid. Then, since the stars cross the sky at night just as the sun does during the day, a special driving mechanism had to be constructed so that the instrument would follow the stars. No driving mechanism, however, was ever sufficiently perfect for the work of such an instrument. Constant attention is necessary, for no mechanical device has yet been invented to take the place of the eye and hand of the skilled observer. The latter must keep the motion so true that at a distance of twenty feet from the driving axis there shall be no deviation from uniformity of motion as great as one one-thousandth of an inch. High-power microscopes enable him to detect variations in the action of the driving mechanism, and finely cut screws make it possible to correct for these variations within a fraction of a second after their occurrence.

Another matter which illustrates the accuracy necessary to obtain the best results may be mentioned. As is well known, the ordinary hand camera requires careful focusing in order to yield sharply defined pictures. It is usually necessary to focus correctly to at least one-sixteenth of an inch. The camera which we are considering also requires careful focusing, but to a much higher degree of accuracy. For the finest results the focus is adjusted to one one-thousandth of an inch. Ordinary methods, such as the use of a ground glass, could not be depended upon for such precision, and so a special optical method was devised to meet the requirements.

The exposures necessary to photograph the stars depend upon their brightness. A bright star will make its record on the sensitive plate in a fraction of a second, while a very faint one requires hours. Sometimes even an entire night does not allow sufficient time. The plate must then be carefully covered during the day, and the exposure continued on the next clear night.

In addition to photographing the stars, the great instrument has also been used on those wonderful objects, the nebulæ, the probable birthplace of the stars. The moon, too, has been photographed, and its mountains and valleys recorded on the sensitive plate. Then there are other uses, such as collecting the light from the stars so that it may be analyzed, and we thus learn of what those distant suns are made.

The value of photographs taken with such care cannot be estimated. In the first place, they often bring to light celestial objects which were before unknown. In the second place, they form permanent records of the face of the sky, which are available for future study. As time goes on the stars gradually change their positions and intensities, and, when present photographs are compared with others taken in years to come, it will be possible gradually to learn the causes of these changes.

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NATURE MONTH BY MONTH

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL

OCTOBER—NATURE'S PLAY-DAY

OCTOBER, with its calm days and cool nights, seems a recompense for the heat and languor of summer, and for the rains and snows which are to come. Nature herself seems to be taking a vacation. Again, as in spring, the faded landscape revives in glowing color. "The increasing scarlet and yellow tints around the meadows and river remind me of the opening of a vast flower-bud. They are the petals of its corolla, which are of the width of the valleys. It is the flower of autumn, whose expanded bud just begins to blush." The analogy is scientifically close; for the same substances which paint the flowers of spring in their exquisite hues now, under other influences, serve to redecorate tree and bush and vine with a wondrously gay foliage, as the verdant chlorophyll, beaten in its summer-long struggle for supremacy, gives place to the victorious pigments of gold or scarlet or bronze in the surface of each leaf. The petals of the rose, the brown leaves of its bush, and its red seed-case, or "hip," are all painted from the same palette, but with different brushes.

Now is the time to go nutting; and what fun it is to tramp through the woods amid a Minas-shower of rich light, scuffling our feet among crisp leaves that come wavering down in the still air, or, falling on even keel into the brook, float past us as little rudderless derelicts to a haven in some eddy. But no matter how early the happy urchin seeks the hickory or walnut he has been watching, he finds other nutters ahead of him. Chipmunks race along the fences, their cheeks full of beechnuts and acorns, and disappear down some hole to deposit their store. They are the earliest of the squirrels to prepare their provender, and work with excited diligence, for before the end of the month (at least in the colder regions) they will no longer care to brave the chilly air, unless it be for an hour or two at noon, but will want to curl up in their warm little caves and begin to subsist on their larder.

Gray squirrels in timorous haste are planting here and there the numberless nuts which, if really hard times come, they may dig up for food; but most of them are left to rot or sprout, as may be. The gray squirrel is the oldest and most persistent of tree-planters, and he does it in a quiet, business-like way very different from the fussy, chattering activity of the red squirrel, who makes a vast to-do about his task, as he races hither and yon, gathering nuts, acorns, pine-cones, and toadstools (now so numerous), and stuffs them into crannies—a few here and a few there. The industry of this busybody doesn't profit him much, after all; for if the winter is cold he will be so overcome by a lethargy of slumber that he will eat little or nothing, and if it is warm, so that he can come out every day or two, he will find that other squirrels, or perhaps jays, or even boys, have robbed his ill-concealed caches.

Most of the birds have gone, but not all, and some new ones are arriving. The call of the quail comes melodiously from the field, and in the stubble where it sits small bands of shore-larks are flitting about, heard in sweet low notes rather than seen. Robins, doves, grackles, bluebirds, phœbes, and many finches still linger. The bold cry of the jay, the nasal twang of the nuthatch—a Yankee bird—and the soft circumflex *pee-ah-wee* of the chickadee, are the voices most often heard. Now and then a song-sparrow rehearses its spring roundelay, as if making sure it has not been forgotten, and the migrating whitethroats and Canada sparrows chatter somewhat of domestic experiences in the north. Myrtle and parula warblers often stay for days about the garden. For all these and other birds, the bark of the trees, the weeds, and the grasses bear a bountiful harvest of food. What a host of sumachs hold aloft velvety masses of seeds, so fiery red they cannot fail to be seen! What millions of acorns there are! Along the old fences rise the thorny barberries, scarlet with tart fruit, and the rich offerings of choke-cherry and sweetbrier. The berries of the red cedar are turning ripe and purple, bushels of shriveled but sweet blueberries still await picking, and the seed-vessels of grasses and weeds are full to bursting.

Streams and swamps and the shores of

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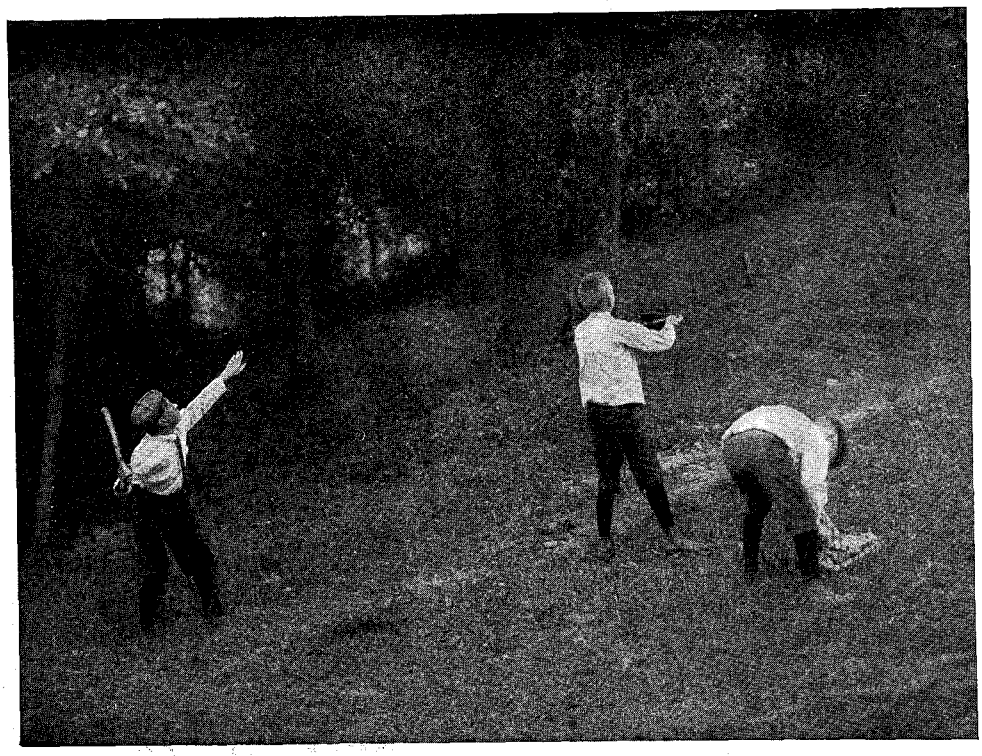

NOW IS THE TIME TO GO NUTTING

lake and sea abound this month in half-grown creatures of every sort that live in and about the water. Whirligigs by the thousand dimple the surface of all the pools, skaters dart hither and thither among them, and, in the mud or among the pebbles beneath, many an insect larva is growing in strength and ferocity, and many another is sinking to the bottom, where it will spin a pupa-case or otherwise prepare itself for a safe winter. "I find caddis-cases with worms in Second Division Brook," Thoreau notes on October 21st. . . . These caddis-worms build a little case around themselves, and sometimes attach a few dead leaves to disguise it, and then fasten it lightly to some swaying grass stem or blade at the bottom in swift water, and these are their quarters till next spring. This reminds me that winter does not put his rude fingers in the bottom of the brooks."

As October draws to a close, insect life lessens, its caterpillars and grubs safely tucked away in winter quarters—its life-work done. Crickets still call vigorously, especially the big mole-crickets; but the katydids cease talking their tiresome scandal, and beetles, wasps, and bees are dying fast or going into hibernation. Several butterflies last on into mid-fall, but, like those of early spring, are inconspicuous in their brown and simple attire.

The most striking thing in the entomology of the month, indeed, is the gossamer that clings to our clothes and faces, whitens the dewy grass in the morning and shimmers in the afternoon sunlight. These are threads wastefully reeled out by spiders as they walk about, or hang, exercising like gymnasts, from ropes of their own impromptu making, or perform tricks of levitation. A young lycosa will crawl to the top of a bush or fence-picket, place all its feet in a bunch, with the head held down and the other end up, and a heart for any fate. He will then exude from the spinning-apparatus at the tip of the abdomen a thread, or sometimes a cluster of threads, which is caught by the breeze and floats out as it lengthens, until finally it has buoyancy enough to carry the spider aloft, out of sight, or drift him across the country until he strikes some foothold and stops. Then this irresponsible aviator cuts his thread loose, and away it goes upon the wind until it lodges, perhaps, right across your eyelids. Such is the tenuous silvery gossamer that is one of the exquisite ornaments of this most delightful of months.

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Governor of New York State

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THE NEW YORK GOVERNORSHIP

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE EIGHTH INSTALLMENT OF "CHAPTERS OF A POSSIBLE AUTOBIOGRAPHY" [1]

IN September, 1898, the First Volunteer Cavalry, in company with most of the rest of the Fifth Army Corps, was disembarked at Montauk Point. Shortly after, it was disbanded; and a few days later I was nominated for Governor of New York by the Republican party. Timothy L. Woodruff was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor. He was my stanch friend throughout the term of our joint service.

THE PARTY SITUATION

The previous year, the machine or standpat Republicans, who were under the domination of Senator Platt, had come to a complete break with the anti-machine element over the New York mayoralty. This had brought the Republican party to a smash, not only in New York City, but in the State, where the Democratic candidate for Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals, Alton B. Parker, was elected by sixty or eighty thousand majority. Mr. Parker was an able man, a lieutenant of Mr. Hill's, standing close to the conservative Democrats of the Wall Street type. These conservative Democrats were planning how to wrest the Democratic party from the control of Mr. Bryan. They hailed Judge Parker's victory as a godsend. The Judge at once loomed up as a Presidential possibility, and was carefully groomed for the position by the New York Democratic machine and its financial allies in the New York business world.

THE ONLY WAY TO WIN

The Republicans realized that the chances were very much against them. Accordingly the leaders were in a chastened mood and ready to nominate any candidate with whom they thought there was a chance of winning. I was the only possibility, and accordingly, under pressure from certain of the leaders who recognized this fact, and who responded to popular pressure, Senator Platt picked me for the nomination. He was entirely frank in the matter. He made no pretense that he liked me personally; but he deferred to the judgment of those who insisted that I was the only man who could be elected, and that therefore I had to be nominated.

Foremost among the leaders who pressed me on Mr. Platt (who "pestered" him about me, to use his own words) were Mr. Quigg, Mr. Odell—then State Chairman of the Republican organization, and afterwards Governor—and Mr. Hazel, now United States Judge. Judge Hazel did not know me personally, but felt that the sentiment in his city, Buffalo, demanded my nomination, and that the then Republican Governor, Mr. Black, could not be re-elected. Mr. Odell, who hardly knew me personally, felt the same way about Mr. Black's chances, and, as he had just taken the State Chairmanship, he was very anxious to win a victory. Mr. Quigg knew me quite well personally; he had been in touch with me for years, while he was a reporter on the "Tribune," and also when he edited a paper in Montana; he had been on good terms with me while he was in Congress and I was Civil Service Commissioner, meeting me often in company with my especial cronies in Congress—men like Lodge, Speaker Tom Reed, Greenhalge, Butterworth, and Dolliver—and he had urged my appointment as Police Commissioner on Mayor Strong.

MR. QUIGG CALLS ON ME

It was Mr. Quigg who called on me at Montauk Point to sound me about the Governorship; Mr. Platt being by no means enthusiastic over Mr. Quigg's mission, largely because he disapproved of the Spanish War and of my part in bringing it about. Mr. Quigg saw me in my tent, in which he spent a couple of hours with me, my brother-in-law, Douglas Robin-

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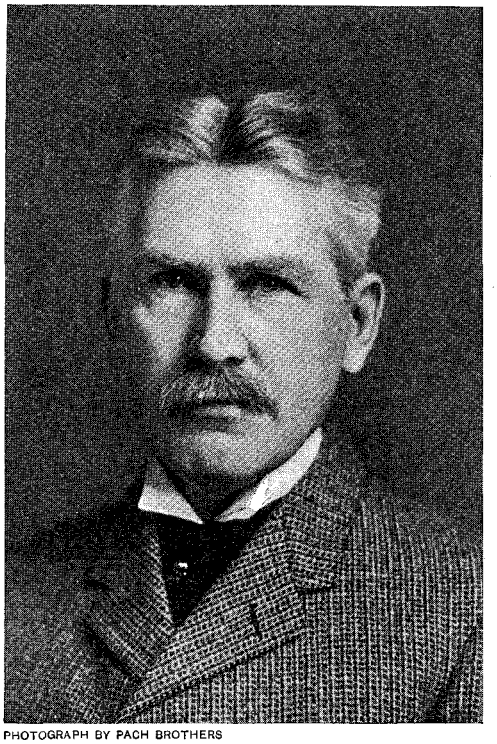
son, being also present. Quigg spoke very frankly to me, stating that he earnestly desired to see me nominated and believed that the great body of Republican voters in the State so desired, but that the organization and the State Convention would finally do what Senator Platt desired. He said that county leaders were already coming to Senator Platt, hinting at a close election, expressing doubt of Governor Black's availability for re-election, and asking why it would not be a good thing to nominate me; that now that I had returned to the United States this would go on more and more all the time, and that he (Quigg) did not wish that these men should be discouraged and be sent back to their localities to suppress a rising sentiment in my favor. For this reason he said that he wanted from me a plain statement as to whether or not I wanted the nomination, and as to what would be my attitude toward the organization in the event of my nomination and election, whether or not I would "make war" on Mr. Platt and his friends, or whether I would confer with them and with the organization leaders generally, and give fair consideration to their point of view as to party policy and public interest. He said he had not come to make me any offer of the nomination and had no authority to do so, nor to get any pledges or promises. He simply wanted a frank definition of my attitude towards existing party conditions.



PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH BROTHERS

"MR. QUIGG SPOKE VERY FRANKLY TO ME, STATING THAT HE EARNESTLY DESIRED TO SEE ME NOMINATED AND BELIEVED THAT THE GREAT BODY OF REPUBLICAN VOTERS IN THE STATE SO DESIRED"

MY REPLY

To this I replied that I should like to be nominated, and if nominated would promise to throw myself into the campaign with all possible energy. I said that I should not make war on Mr. Platt or anybody else if war could be avoided; that what I wanted was to be Governor and not a faction leader; that I certainly would confer with the organization men, as with everybody else who seemed to me to have knowledge of and interest in public affairs, and that as to Mr. Platt and the organization leaders, I should do so in the sincere hope that there might always result harmony of opinion and purpose; but that while I would try to get on well with the organization, the organization must with equal sincerity strive to do what I regarded as essential for the public good; and that in every case, after full consideration of what everybody had to say who might possess real knowledge of the matter, I should have to act finally as my own judgment and conscience dictated and administer the State government as I thought it ought to be administered. Quigg said that this was precisely what he supposed I would say, that it was all anybody could expect, and that he would state it to Senator Platt precisely as I had put it to him, which he accordingly did; and, throughout my term as Governor, Quigg lived loyally up to our understanding.[1]

AN AGGRESSIVE CAMPAIGN

After being nominated, I made a hard and aggressive campaign through the State. My

[1] In a letter to me Mr. Quigg states, what I had forgotten, that I told him to tell the Senator that while I would talk freely with him, and had no intention of becoming a factional leader with a personal organization, yet that I must have direct personal relations with everybody, and get their views at first hand whenever I so desired, because I could not have one man speaking for all.

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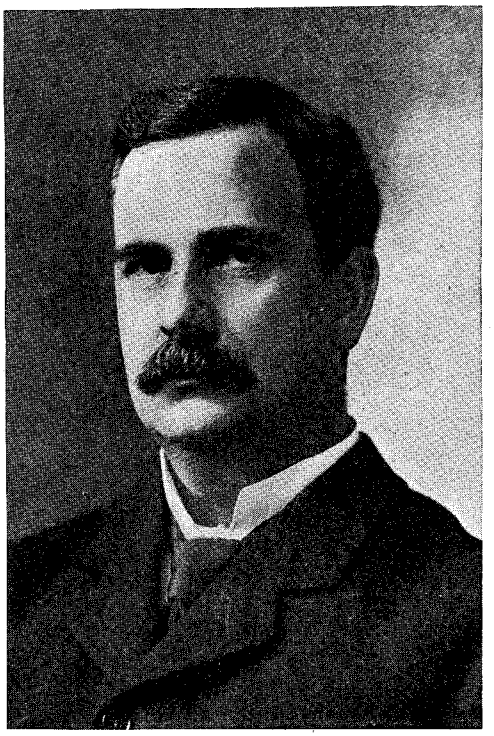
opponent was a respectable man, a judge, behind whom stood Mr. Croker, the boss of Tammany Hall. My object was to make the people understand that it was Croker and not the nominal candidate who was my real opponent; that the choice lay between Crokerism and myself. Croker was a powerful and truculent man, the autocrat of his organization, and of a domineering nature. For his own reasons he insisted upon Tammany's turning down an excellent Democratic judge who was a candidate for re-election. This gave me my chance. Under my attack, Croker, who was a stalwart fighting man and who would not take an attack tamely, himself came to the front. I was able to fix the contest in the public mind as one between himself and myself; and, against all probabilities, I won by the rather narrow margin of eighteen thousand plurality.



PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH BROTHERS

"MR. ODELL, WHO HARDLY KNEW ME PERSONALLY, FELT THE SAME WAY ABOUT MR. BLACK'S CHANCES, AND, AS HE HAD JUST TAKEN THE STATE CHAIRMANSHIP, HE WAS ANXIOUS TO WIN THE VICTORY"

As I have already said, there is a lunatic fringe to every reform movement. At least nine-tenths of all the sincere reformers supported me; but the ultra-pacificists, the so-called anti-imperialists, or anti-militarists, or peace-at-any-price men, preferred Croker to me; and another knot of extremists who had at first ardently insisted that I must be "forced" on Platt, as soon as Platt supported me themselves opposed me *because* he supported me. After election John Hay wrote me as follows: "While you are Governor, I believe the party can be made solid as never before. You have already shown that a man may be absolutely honest and yet practical; a reformer by instinct and a wise politician; brave, bold, and uncompromising, and yet not a wild ass of the desert. The exhibition made by the professional independents in voting against you for no reason on earth except that somebody else was voting for you, is a lesson that is worth its cost."

THE FEAR OF MR. BRYAN

At that time boss rule was at its very zenith. Mr. Bryan's candidacy in 1896 on a free silver platform had threatened such frightful business disaster as to make the business men, the wage-workers, and the professional classes generally, turn eagerly to the Republican party. East of the Mississippi the Republican vote for Mr. McKinley was larger by far than it had been for Abraham Lincoln in the days when the life of the Nation was at stake. Mr. Bryan championed many sorely needed reforms in the interest of the plain people; but many of his platform proposals, economic and otherwise, were of such a character that to have put them into practice would have meant to plunge all our people into conditions far worse than any of those for which he sought a remedy. The free silver advocates included sincere and upright men who were able to make a strong case for their position; but with them and dominating them were all the believers in the complete or partial repudiation of National, State, and private debts; and not only the business men but the workingmen grew to feel that under these circumstances too heavy a price could not be paid to avert the Democratic triumph. The fear of Mr. Bryan threw almost all the leading men of all classes into the arms of whoever opposed him.

The Republican bosses, who were already

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very powerful, and who were already in fairly close alliance with the privileged interests, now found everything working to their advantage. Good and high-minded men of conservative temperament in their panic played into the hands of the ultra-reactionaries of business and politics. The alliance between the two kinds of privilege, political and financial, was closely cemented; and wherever there was any attempt to break it up, the cry was at once raised that this merely represented another phase of the assault on National honesty and individual and mercantile integrity. As so often happens, the excesses and threats of an unwise and extreme radicalism had resulted in immensely strengthening the position of the beneficiaries of reaction. This was the era when the Standard Oil Company achieved a mastery of Pennsylvania politics so far-reaching and so corrupt that it is difficult to describe it without seeming to exaggerate.

"SENATOR PLATT PICKED ME FOR THE NOMINATION. HE WAS ENTIRELY FRANK IN HIS MANNER. . . . BUT HE DEFERRED TO THE JUDGMENT OF THOSE WHO INSISTED THAT I WAS THE ONLY MAN WHO COULD BE ELECTED"

MR. PLATT AND BIG BUSINESS

In New York State United States Senator Platt was the absolute boss of the Republican party. "Big business" was back of him; yet at the time this, the most important element in his strength, was only imperfectly understood. It was not until I was elected Governor that I myself came to understand it. We were still accustomed to talking of the "machine" as if it were something merely political, with which business had nothing to do. Senator Platt did not use his political position to advance his private fortunes—therein differing absolutely from many other political bosses. He lived in hotels and had few extravagant tastes. Indeed, I could not find that he had any tastes at all except for politics, and on rare occasions for a very dry theology wholly divorced from moral implications. But big business men contributed to him large sums of money, which enabled him to keep his grip on the machine and secured for them the help of the machine if they were threatened with adverse legislation. The contributions were given in the guise of contributions for campaign purposes, of money for the good of the party; when the money was contributed there was rarely talk of specific favors in return.[1] It was simply put into Mr. Platt's hands and treated by him as in the campaign chest. Then he distributed it in the districts where it was most needed by the candidates and organization leaders. Ordinarily no pledge was required from the latter to the bosses, any more than it was required by the business men from Mr. Platt or his lieutenants. No pledge was needed. It was all a "gentlemen's understanding." As the Senator once said to me, if a man's character was such that it was necessary to get a promise from him, it was clear proof that his character was such that the promise would not be worth anything after it was made.

[1] Each nation has its own pet sins to which it is merciful, and also sins which it treats as most abhorrent. In America we are peculiarly sensitive about big money contributions for which the donors expect any reward. In England, where in some ways the standard is higher than here, such contributions are accepted as a matter of course, nay, as one of the methods by which wealthy men obtain peerages. It would be well-nigh an impossibility for a man to secure a seat in the United States Senate by mere campaign contributions, in the way that seats in the British House of Lords have often been secured without any scandal being caused thereby.

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TWO TYPES OF PARTY SUPPORT

It must not be forgotten that some of the worst practices of the machine in dealings of this kind represented merely virtues in the wrong place, virtues wrenched out of proper relation to their surroundings. A man in a doubtful district might win only because of the help Mr. Platt gave him; he might be a decent young fellow without money enough to finance his own campaign, who was able to finance it only because Platt of his own accord found out or was apprised of his need and advanced the money. Such a man felt grateful, and, because of his good qualities, joined with the purely sordid and corrupt heelers and crooked politicians to become part of the Platt machine. In his turn Mr. Platt was recognized by the business men, the big contributors, as an honorable man; not only a man of his word, but a man who, whenever he received a favor, could be trusted to do his best to repay it on any occasion that arose. I believe that usually the contributors, and the recipient, sincerely felt that the transaction was proper and subserved the cause of good politics and good business; and, indeed, as regards the major part of the contributions it is probable that this was the fact, and that the only criticism that could properly be made about the contributions was that they were not made with publicity—and at that time neither the parties nor the public had any realization that publicity was necessary, or any adequate understanding of the dangers of the "invisible empire" which throve by what was done in secrecy. Many, probably most, of the contributors of this type never wished anything personal in exchange for their contributions and made them with sincere patriotism, desiring in return only that the Government should be conducted on a proper basis. Unfortunately, it was, in practice, exceedingly difficult to distinguish these men from the others who contributed big sums to the various party bosses with the expectation of gaining concrete and personal advantages (in which the bosses shared) at the expense of the general public. It was very hard to draw the line between these two types of contributions.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH BROTHERS

"... MR. CROKER, THE BOSS OF TAMMANY HALL. MY OBJECT WAS TO MAKE THE PEOPLE UNDERSTAND THAT IT WAS CROKER AND NOT THE NOMINAL CANDIDATE WHO WAS MY REAL OPPONENT; THAT THE CHOICE LAY BETWEEN CROKER AND MYSELF"

CORPORATIONS AS CONTRIBUTORS

There was but one kind of money contribution as to which it seemed to me absolutely impossible for either the contributor or the recipient to disguise to themselves the evil meaning of the contribution. This was where a big corporation contributed to both political parties. I knew of one such case where in a State campaign a big corporation which had many dealings with public officials frankly contributed in the neighborhood of a hundred thousand dollars to one campaign fund and fifty thousand dollars to the campaign fund of the other side—and, I believe, made some further substantial contributions in the same ratio of two dollars to one side for every one dollar given to the other. The contributors were Democrats, and the big contributions went to the Democratic managers. The Republican was elected, and after his election, when a matter came up affecting the company, in which its interests were hostile to those of the general public, the

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successful candidate, then holding a high State office, was approached by his campaign managers and the situation put frankly before him. He was less disturbed than astonished, and remarked, "Why, I thought So-and-so and his associates were Democrats and subscribed to the Democratic campaign fund." "So they did," was the answer; "they subscribed to them twice as much as they subscribed to us, but if they had had any idea that you intended doing what you now say you will do, they would have subscribed it all to the other side, and more too." The State official in his turn answered that he was very sorry if any one had subscribed under a misapprehension, that it was no fault of his, for he had stated definitely and clearly his position, that he of course had no money wherewith himself to return what without his knowledge had been contributed, and that all he could say was that any man who had subscribed to his campaign fund under the impression that the receipt of the subscription would be a bar to the performance of public duty was sadly mistaken.

THE CONTROL BY THE BOSSES

The control by Mr. Platt and his lieutenants over the organization was well-nigh complete. There were splits among the bosses, and insurgent movements now and then, but the ordinary citizens had no control over the political machinery except in a very few districts. There were, however, plenty of good men in politics, men who either came from districts where there was popular control, or who represented a genuine aspiration towards good citizenship on the part of some boss or group of bosses, or else who had been nominated frankly for reasons of expediency by bosses whose attitude towards good citizenship was at best one of Gallio-like indifference. At the time when I was nominated for Governor, as later when Mr. Hughes was nominated and renominated for Governor, there was no possibility of securing the nomination unless the bosses permitted it. In each case the bosses, the machine leaders, took a man for whom they did not care, because he was the only man with whom they could win. In the case of Mr. Hughes there was of course also the fact of pressure from the National Administration. But the bosses were never overcome in a fair fight, when they had made up their minds to fight, until the Saratoga Convention in 1910, when Mr. Stimson was nominated for Governor.

THE BUSINESS OF POLITICS

Senator Platt had the same inborn capacity for the kind of politics which he liked that many big Wall Street men have shown for not wholly dissimilar types of finance. It was his chief interest, and he applied himself to it unremittingly. He handled his private business successfully; but it was politics in which he was absorbed, and he concerned himself therewith every day in the year. He had built up an excellent system of organization, and the necessary funds came from corporations and men of wealth who contributed as I have described above. The majority of the men with a natural capacity for organization leadership of the type which has generally been prevalent in New York politics turned to Senator Platt as their natural chief and helped build up the organization, until under his leadership it became more powerful and in a position of greater control than any other Republican machine in the country, excepting in Pennsylvania. The Democratic machines in some of the big cities, as in New York and Boston, and the country Democratic machine of New York under David B. Hill, were probably even more efficient, representing an even more complete mastery by the bosses, and an even greater degree of drilled obedience among the henchmen. It would be an entire mistake to suppose that Mr. Platt's lieutenants were either all bad men or all influenced by unworthy motives. He was constantly doing favors for men. He had won the gratitude of many good men. In the country districts especially, there were many places where his machine included the majority of the best citizens, the leading and substantial citizens, among the inhabitants. Some of his strongest and most efficient lieutenants were disinterested men of high character.

"SILK STOCKING" OPPOSITION

There had always been a good deal of opposition to Mr. Platt and the machine, but the leadership of this opposition was apt to be found only among those whom Abraham Lincoln called the "silk stockings," and much of it excited almost as much derision among the plain people as the machine itself excited anger or dislike. Very many of Mr. Platt's opponents really disliked him and his methods for æsthetic rather than for moral

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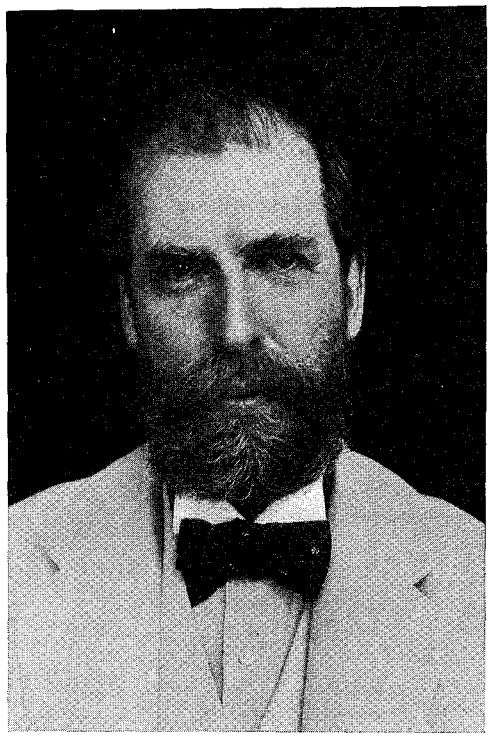
reasons, and the bulk of the people half-consciously felt this and refused to submit to their leadership. The men who opposed him in this manner were good citizens according to their lights, prominent in the social clubs and in philanthropic circles, men of means and often men of business standing. They disliked coarse and vulgar politicians, and they sincerely reprobated all the shortcomings that were recognized by, and were offensive to, people of their own caste. They had not the slightest understanding of the needs, interests, ways of thought, and convictions of the average small man; and the small man felt this, although he could not express it, and sensed that they were really not concerned with his welfare, and that they did not offer him anything materially better from his point of view than the machine.



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"BEFORE GOVERNOR HUGHES WENT OUT OF OFFICE, ONE OF THE VERY LAST BILLS HE SIGNED WAS ONE THAT PERMITTED THE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES TO INCREASE THEIR BUSINESS"

When reformers of this type attempted to oppose Mr. Platt, they usually put up either some rather inefficient, well-meaning person, who bathed every day, and didn't steal, but whose only good point was "respectability," and who knew nothing of the great fundamental questions looming before us; or else they put up some big business man or corporation lawyer who was wedded to the gross wrong and injustice of our economic system, and who neither by personality nor by programme gave the ordinary plain people any belief that there was promise of vital good to them in the change. The correctness of their view was proved by the fact that as soon as fundamental economic and social reforms were at stake the æsthetic, as distinguished from the genuinely moral, reformers for the most part sided with the bosses against the people.

THE INDIFFERENCE OF VOTERS

When I became Governor, the conscience of the people was in no way or shape aroused, as it has since become roused. The people accepted and practiced in a matter-of-course way as quite proper things which they would not now tolerate. They had no definite and clearly outlined conception of what they wished in the way of reform. They on the whole tolerated, and indeed approved of, the machine; and there had been no development on any considerable scale of reformers with the vision to see what the needs of the people were, and the high purpose sanely to achieve what was necessary in order to meet these needs. I knew both the machine and the silk-stocking reformers fairly well, from many years' close association with them. The machine as such had no ideals at all, although many of the men composing it did have. On the other hand, the ideals of very many of the silk-stocking reformers did not relate to the questions of real and vital interest to our people; and, singularly enough, in international matters, these same silk-stockings were no more to be trusted than the average ignorant demagogue or shortsighted spoils politician. I felt that these men would be broken reeds to which to trust in any vital contest for betterment of social and industrial conditions.

APPEALING TO THE PEOPLE

I had neither the training nor the capacity that would have enabled me to match Mr. Platt and his machine people on their own ground. Nor did I believe that the effort

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to build up a machine of my own under the then existing conditions would meet the needs of the situation so far as the people were concerned. I therefore made no effort to create a machine of my own, and consistently adopted the plan of going over the heads of the men holding public office and of the men in control of the organization, and appealing directly to the people behind them. The machine, for instance, had a more or less strong control over the great bulk of the members of the State Legislature; but in the last resort the people behind these legislators had a still greater control over them. I made up my mind that the only way I could beat the bosses whenever the need to do so arose (and unless there was such need I did not wish to try) was, not by attempting to manipulate the machinery, and not by trusting merely to the professional reformers, but by making my appeal as directly and as emphatically as I knew how to the mass of voters themselves, to the people, to the men who if waked up would be able to impose their will on their representatives. My success depended upon getting the people in the different districts to look at matters in my way, and getting them to take such an active interest in affairs as to enable them to exercise control over their representatives.

There were a few of the Senators and Assemblymen whom I could reach by seeing them personally and putting before them my arguments; but most of them were too much under the control of the machine for me to shake them loose unless they knew that the people were actively behind me. In making my appeal to the people as a whole I was dealing with an entirely different constituency from that which, especially in the big cities, liked to think of itself as the "better element," the particular exponent of reform and good citizenship. I was dealing with shrewd, hard-headed, kindly men and women, chiefly concerned with the absorbing work of earning their own living and impatient of fads, who had grown to feel that the associations with the word "reformer" were not much better than the associations with the word "politician." I had to convince these men and women of my good faith, and, moreover, of my common sense and efficiency. They were most of them strong partisans, and an outrage had to be very real and very great to shake them even partially loose from their party affiliations. Moreover, they took little interest in any fight of mere personalities. They were not influenced in the least by the silk-stocking reform view of Mr. Platt. I knew that if they were persuaded that I was engaged in a mere faction fight against him, that it was a mere issue between his ambition and mine, they would at once become indifferent and my fight would be lost.

THE PEOPLE RESPOND

But I felt that I could count on their support wherever I could show them that the fight was not made just for the sake of the row, that it was not made merely as a factional contest against Senator Platt and the organization, but was waged from a sense of duty, for real and tangible causes such as the promotion of governmental efficiency and honesty, and forcing powerful moneyed men to take the proper attitude toward the community at large. They stood by me when I insisted upon having the Canal Department, the Insurance Department, and the various departments of the State Government run with efficiency and honesty; they stood by me when I insisted upon making wealthy men who owned franchises pay the State what they properly ought to pay; they stood by me when, in connection with the strikes on the Croton Aqueduct and in Buffalo, I promptly used the military power of the State to put a stop to rioting and violence.

In the latter case my chief opponents and critics were local politicians who were truckling to the labor vote; but in all cases coming under the first two categories I had serious trouble with the State leaders of the machine. I always did my best, in good faith, to get Mr. Platt and the other heads of the machine to accept my views, and to convince them, by repeated private conversations, that I was right. I never wantonly antagonized or humiliated them. I did not wish to humiliate them or to seem victorious over them; what I wished was to secure the things that I thought it essential to the men and women of the State to secure. If I could finally persuade them to support me, well and good; in such case I continued to work with them in the friendliest manner.

A FAIR FIGHT IN THE OPEN

If after repeated and persistent effort I failed to get them to support me, then I made a fair fight in the open, and in a

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majority of cases I carried my point and succeeded in getting through the legislation which I wished. In theory the Executive has nothing to do with legislation. In practice, as things now are, the Executive is or ought to be peculiarly representative of the people as a whole. As often as not the action of the Executive offers the only means by which the people can get the legislation they demand and ought to have. Therefore a good executive under the present conditions of American political life must take a very active interest in getting the right kind of legislation, in addition to performing his executive duties with an eye single to the public welfare. More than half of my work as Governor was in the direction of getting needed and important legislation. I accomplished this only by arousing the people, and riveting their attention on what was done.

A CHANGE OF ATTITUDE

Gradually the people began to wake up more and more to the fact that the machine politicians were not giving them the kind of government which they wished. As this waking up grew more general, not merely in New York or any other one State, but throughout most of the Nation, the power of the bosses waned. Then a curious thing happened. The professional reformers who had most loudly criticised these bosses began to change toward them. Newspaper editors, college presidents, corporation lawyers, and big business men, all alike, had denounced the bosses and had taken part in reform movements against them so long as these reforms dealt only with things that were superficial, or with fundamental things that did not affect themselves and their associates. But the majority of these men turned to the support of the bosses when the great new movement began clearly to make itself evident as one against privilege in business no less than against privilege in politics, as one for social and industrial no less than for political righteousness and fair dealing. The big corporation lawyer who had antagonized the boss in matters which he regarded as purely political stood shoulder to shoulder with the boss when the movement for betterment took shape in direct attack on the combination of business with politics and with the judiciary which has done so much to enthrone privilege in the economic world.

The reformers who denounced political corruption and fraud when shown at the expense of their own candidates by machine ward heelers of a low type hysterically applauded similar corrupt trickery when practiced by these same politicians against men with whose political and industrial programme the reformers were not in sympathy. I had always been instinctively and by nature a democrat, but if I had needed conversion to the democratic ideal here in America the stimulus would have been supplied by what I saw of the attitude, not merely of the bulk of the men of greatest wealth, but of the bulk of the men who most prided themselves upon their education and culture, when we began in good faith to grapple with the wrong and injustice of our social and industrial system, and to hit at the men responsible for the wrong, no matter how high they stood in business or in politics, at the bar or on the bench. It was while I was Governor, and especially in connection with the franchise tax legislation, that I first became thoroughly aware of the real causes of this attitude among the men of great wealth and among the men who took their tone from the men of great wealth.

"WHOEVER WE CHOOSE"

Very soon after my victory in the race for Governor I had one or two experiences with Senator Platt which showed in amusing fashion how absolute the rule of the boss was in the politics of that day. Senator Platt, who was always most kind and friendly in his personal relations with me, asked me in one day to talk over what was to be done at Albany. He had the two or three nominal heads of the organization with him. They were his lieutenants, who counseled and influenced him, whose advice he often followed, but who, when he had finally made up his mind, merely registered and carried out his decrees. After a little conversation the Senator asked if I had any member of the Assembly whom I wished to have put on any committee, explaining that the committees were being arranged. I answered no, and expressed my surprise at what he had said, because I had not understood that the Speaker who appointed the committees had himself been agreed upon by the members-elect. "Oh!" responded the Senator, with a tolerant smile, "he has not been chosen yet, but of course whoever we choose as Speaker will agree beforehand to make the appointments we wish." I made a mental note to

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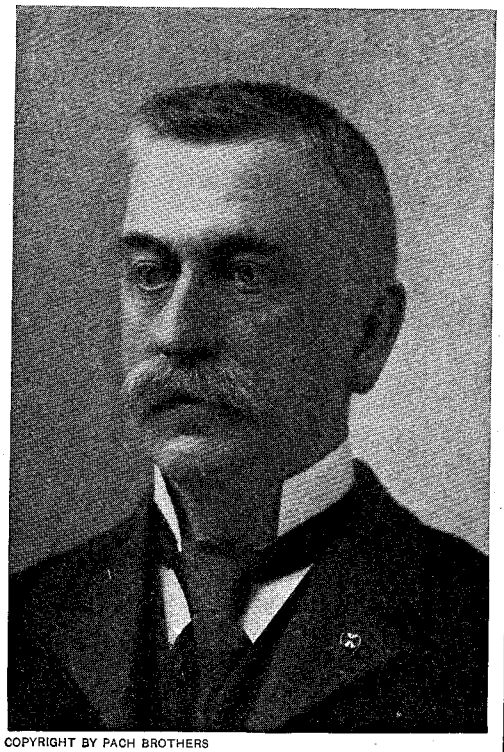

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COLONEL PARTRIDGE
Superintendent of Public Works

the effect that if they attempted the same process with the Governor-elect they would find themselves mistaken.

APPOINTMENTS

In a few days the opportunity to prove this arrived. Under the preceding Administration there had been grave scandals about the Erie Canal, the trans-State Canal, and these scandals had been one of the chief issues in the campaign for the Governorship. The construction of this work was under the control of the Superintendent of Public Works. In the actual state of affairs his office was by far the most important office under me, and I intended to appoint to it some man of high character and capacity who could be trusted to do the work not merely honestly and efficiently but without regard to politics. A week or so after the Speakership incident Senator Platt asked me to come and see him (he was an old and physically feeble man, able to move about only with extreme difficulty).

On arrival I found the Lieutenant-Governor elect, Mr. Woodruff, who had also been asked to come. The Senator informed me that he was glad to say that I would have a most admirable man as Superintendent of Public Works, as he had just received a telegram from a certain gentleman, whom he named, saying that he would accept the position! He handed me the telegram. The man in question was a man I liked; later I appointed him to an important office in which he did well. But he came from a city along the line of the canal, so that I did not think it best that he should be appointed, anyhow; and, moreover, what was far more important, it was necessary to have it understood at the very outset that the Administration was my Administration and was no one else's but mine. So I told the Senator very politely that I was sorry, but that I could not appoint his man. This produced an explosion, but I declined to lose my temper, merely repeating that I must decline to accept any man chosen for me, and that I must choose the man myself. Although I was very polite, I was also very firm, and Mr. Platt and his friends finally abandoned their position.

I appointed an engineer from Brooklyn, a veteran of the Civil War, Colonel Partridge, who had served in Mayor Low's administration. He was an excellent man in every way. He chose as his assistant, actively to superintend the work, a Cornell graduate named Elon Hooker, a man with no political backing at all, picked simply because he was the best-equipped man for the place. The office, the most important office under me, was run in admirable fashion throughout my Administration; I doubt if there ever was an important department of the New York State Government run with a higher standard of efficiency and integrity.

THE CANALS

But this was not all that had to be done about the canals. Evidently the whole policy hitherto pursued had been foolish and inadequate. I appointed a first-class non-partisan commission of business men and expert engineers who went into the matter exhaustively, and their report served as the basis upon which our entire present canal system is based. There remained the question of determining whether the canal officials who were in office before I became Governor, and whom I had declined to reappoint, had been guilty of any action because of which it

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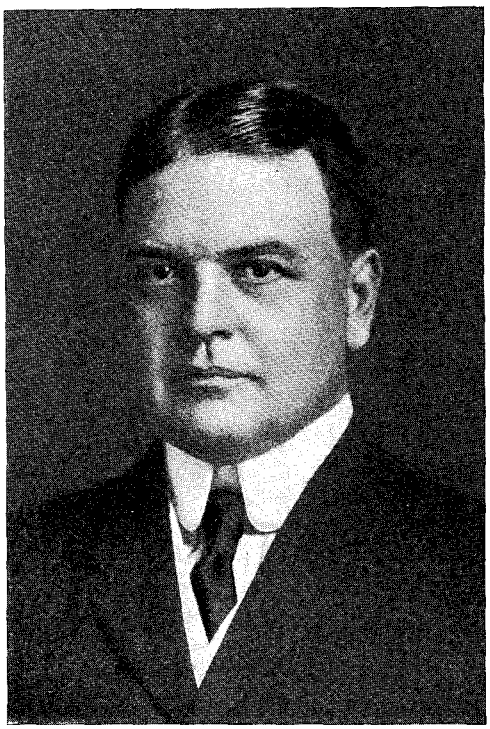
would be possible to proceed against them criminally or otherwise under the law. Such criminal action had been freely charged against them during the campaign by the Democratic (including the so-called mugwump) press. To determine this matter I appointed two Democratic lawyers, Messrs. Fox and MacFarlane (the latter Federal District Attorney for New York under President Cleveland), and put the whole investigation in their hands. These gentlemen made an exhaustive investigation lasting several months. They reported that there had been grave delinquency in the prosecution of the work, delinquency which justified public condemnation of those responsible for it (who were out of office), but that there was no ground for criminal prosecution. I laid their report before the Legislature with a message in which I said: "There is probably no lawyer of high standing in the State who, after studying the report of counsel in this case and the testimony taken by the investigating commission, would disagree with them as to the impracticability of a successful prosecution. Under such circumstances the one remedy was a thorough change in the methods and management. This change has been made."



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TIMOTHY L. WOODRUFF
Lieutenant-Governor

When my successor in the Governorship took office, Colonel Partridge retired, and Elon Hooker, finding that he could no longer act with entire disregard of politics and with an eye single to the efficiency of the work, also left. A dozen years later—having in the meantime made a marked success in a business career—he became the Treasurer of the National Progressive party.

BITS OF TROUBLE

My action in regard to the canals, and the management of his office, the most important office under me, by Colonel Partridge, established my relations with Mr. Platt from the outset on pretty nearly the right basis. But, besides various small difficulties, we had one or two serious bits of trouble before my duties as Governor ceased. It must be remembered that Mr. Platt was to all intents and purposes a large part of, and sometimes a majority of, the Legislature. There were a few entirely independent men such as Nathaniel Elsberg, Reginald Post, and Alford Cooley, in each of the two houses; the remainder were under the control of the Republican and Democratic bosses, but could also be more or less influenced by an aroused public opinion. The two machines were apt to make common cause if their vital interests were touched. It was my business to devise methods by which either the two machines could be kept apart or else overthrown if they came together.

My desire was to achieve results, and not merely to issue manifestoes of virtue. It is very easy to be efficient if the efficiency is based on unscrupulousness, and it is still easier to be virtuous if one is content with the purely negative virtue which consists in not doing anything wrong, but being wholly unable to accomplish anything positive for good. My favorite quotation from Josh Billings again applies: It is so much easier to be a harmless dove than a wise serpent. My duty was to combine both idealism and efficiency. At that time the public conscience was still dormant as regards many species of political and business misconduct, as to which during the next decade it became sensitive. I had to work with the tools at hand and to take into account the feeling of

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the people, which I have already described. My aim was persistently to refuse to be put in a position where what I did would seem to be a mere faction struggle against Senator Platt. My aim was to make a fight only when I could so manage it that there could be no question in the minds of honest men that my prime purpose was not to attack Mr. Platt or any one else except as a necessary incident to securing clean and efficient government.

"BREAKFASTING WITH PLATT"

In each case I did my best to persuade Mr. Platt not to oppose me. I endeavored to make it clear to him that I was not trying to wrest the organization from him; and I always gave him in detail the reasons why I felt I had to take the position I intended to adopt. It was only after I had exhausted all the resources of my patience that I would finally, if he still proved obstinate, tell him that I intended to make the fight anyhow. As I have said, the Senator was an old and feeble man in physique, and it was possible for him to go about very little. Until Friday evening he would be kept at his duties at Washington, while I was in Albany. If I wished to see him it generally had to be at his hotel in New York on Saturday, and usually I would go there to breakfast with him. The one thing I would not permit was anything in the nature of a secret or clandestine meeting. I always insisted on going openly. Solemn reformers of the tom-fool variety, who, according to their custom, paid attention to the name and not the thing, were much exercised over my "breakfasting with Platt." Whenever I breakfasted with him they became sure that the fact carried with it some sinister significance. The worthy creatures never took the trouble to follow the sequence of facts and events for themselves. If they had done so they would have seen that any series of breakfasts with Platt always meant that I was going to do something he did not like, and that I was trying, courteously and frankly, to reconcile him to it. My object was to make it as easy as possible for him to come with me. As long as there was no clash between us there was no object in my seeing him; it was only when the clash came or was imminent that I had to see him. A series of breakfasts was always the prelude to some active warfare.[1] In every instance I substantially carried my point, although in some cases not in exactly the way in which I had originally hoped.

GAINS MADE

There were various measures to which he gave a grudging and querulous assent without any break being threatened. I secured the re-enactment of the Civil Service Law, which under my predecessor had very foolishly been repealed. I secured a mass of labor legislation, including the enactment of laws to increase the number of factory inspectors, to create a Tenement-House Commission (whose findings resulted in further and excellent legislation to improve housing conditions), to regulate and improve sweat-shop labor, to make the eight-hour and prevailing rate of wages law effective, to secure the genuine enforcement of the act relating to the hours of railway workers, to compel railways to equip freight trains with air-brakes, to regulate the working hours of women and protect both women and children from dangerous machinery, to enforce good scaffolding provisions for workmen on buildings, to provide seats for the use of waitresses in hotels and restaurants, to reduce the hours of labor for drug-store clerks, to provide for the registration of laborers for municipal employment. I tried hard but failed to secure an employers' liability law and the State control of employment offices. There was hard fighting over some of these bills, and, what was much more serious, there was effort to get round the law by trickery and by securing its inefficient enforcement. I was continually helped by men with whom I had gotten in touch while in the Police Department; men such as James Bronson Reynolds, through whom I first became interested in settlement work on the East Side. Once or twice I went suddenly down to New York City without warning any one and traversed the tenement-house quarters, visiting various sweat-shops picked at random. Jacob Riis accompanied me; and as a result of our inspection we got not only an improvement in the law but a still more marked improvement in its administration. Thanks chiefly to the activity and good sense of Dr. John H. Pryor, of Buffalo, and by the use of every pound of pressure which as

[1] To illustrate my meaning I quote from a letter of mine to Senator Platt of December 13, 1899. He had been trying to get me to promote a certain Judge X over the head of another Judge Y. I wrote: "There is a strong feeling among the judges and the leading members of the bar that Judge Y ought not to have Judge X jumped over his head, and I do not see my way clear to doing it. I am inclined to think that the solution I mentioned to you is the solution I shall have to adopt. Remember the breakfast at Douglas Robinson's at 8:30."

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Governor I could bring to bear in legitimate fashion—including a special emergency message—we succeeded in getting through a bill providing for the first State hospital for incipient tuberculosis. We got valuable laws for the farmer; laws preventing the adulteration of food products (which laws were equally valuable to the consumer), and laws helping the dairyman. In addition to labor legislation I was able to do a good deal for forest preservation and the protection of our wild life. All that later I strove for in the Nation in connection with Conservation was foreshadowed by what I strove to obtain for New York State when I was Governor; and I was already working in connection with Gifford Pinchot and Newell. I secured better administration, and some improvement in the laws themselves. The improvement in administration, and in the character of the game and forest wardens, was secured partly as the result of a conference in the executive chamber at which I had forty of the best guides and woodsmen of the Adirondacks.

THE INSURANCE FIGHT

As regards most legislation, even that affecting labor and the forests, I got on fairly well with the machine. But on the two issues in which "big business" and the kind of politics which is allied to big business were most involved we clashed hard—and clashing with Senator Platt meant clashing with the entire Republican organization, and with the organized majority in each house of the Legislature. One clash was in connection with the Superintendent of Insurance, a man whose office made him a factor of immense importance in the big business circles of New York. The then incumbent of the office was an efficient man, the boss of an up-State county, a veteran politician and one of Mr. Platt's right-hand men. Certain investigations which I made—in the course of the fight—showed that this Superintendent of Insurance had been engaged in large business operations in New York City. These operations had thrown him into a peculiarly intimate business contact of one sort and another with various financiers with whom I did not deem it expedient that the Superintendent of Insurance, while such, should have any intimate and secret money-making relations. Moreover, the gentleman in question represented the straitest sect of the old-time spoils politicians. I therefore determined not to reappoint him. Unless I could get his successor confirmed, however, he would stay in under the law, and the Republican machine, with the assistance of Tammany, expected to control far more than a majority of all the Senators.

AN ULTIMATUM

Mr. Platt issued an ultimatum to me that the incumbent must be reappointed or else that he would fight, and that if he chose to fight the man would stay in anyhow because I could not oust him—for under the New York Constitution the assent of the Senate was necessary not only to appoint a man to office but to remove him from office. As always with Mr. Platt, I persistently refused to lose my temper, no matter what he said—he was much too old and physically feeble for there to be any point of honor in taking up any of his remarks—and I merely explained good-humoredly that I had made up my mind and that the gentleman in question would not be retained. As for not being able to get his successor confirmed, I pointed out that as soon as the Legislature adjourned I could and would appoint another man temporarily. Mr. Platt then said that the incumbent would be put back as soon as the Legislature reconvened; I admitted that this was possible, but added cheerfully that I would remove him again just as soon as that Legislature adjourned; and that even though I had an uncomfortable time myself, I would guarantee to make my opponents more uncomfortable still. We parted without any sign of reaching an agreement.

There remained some weeks before final action could be taken, and the Senator was confident that I would have to yield. His most efficient allies were the pretended reformers, most of them my open or covert enemies, who loudly insisted that I must make an open fight on the Senator himself. This was what he wished, for at that time there was no way of upsetting him within the Republican party; and, as I have said, if I had permitted the contest to assume the shape of a mere faction fight between the Governor and the United States Senator I would have insured the victory of the machine. So I blandly refused to let the thing become a personal fight, explaining again and again that I was perfectly willing to appoint an organization man, and naming two or three whom I was willing to appoint, but also explaining that I would not

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PHOTOGRAPH BY ALMAN

"I GOT MR. PERKINS TO SERVE ON THE PALISADE PARK COMMISSION . . . TO SAVE THE PALISADES FROM VANDALISM"

retain the incumbent, and would not appoint any man of his type. Meanwhile pressure on behalf of the said incumbent began to come from the business men of New York.

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE VIEWS

The Superintendent of Insurance was not a man whose ill will the big life insurance companies cared to incur, and company after company passed resolutions asking me to reappoint him, although in private some of the men who signed these resolutions nervously explained that they did not mean what they had written, and hoped I would remove the man. A citizen prominent in reform circles, marked by the Cato-like austerity of his reform professions, had a son who was a counsel for one of the insurance companies. The father was engaged in writing letters to the papers demanding in the name of uncompromising virtue that I should not only get rid of the Superintendent of Insurance, but in his place should appoint somebody or other personally offensive to Senator Platt—which last proposition, if adopted, would have meant that the Superintendent of Insurance would have stayed in, for the reasons I have already given. Meanwhile the son came to see me on behalf of the insurance company he represented and told me that the company was anxious that there should be a change in the superintendency; that if I really meant to fight they thought they had influence with four of the State Senators, Democrats and Republicans, whom they could get to vote to confirm the man I nominated, but that they wished to be sure that I would not abandon the fight, because it would be a very bad thing for them if I started the fight and then backed down. I told my visitor that he need be under no apprehensions, that I would certainly see the fight through. A man who has much to do with that kind of politics which concerns both New York politicians and New York business men and lawyers is not easily surprised, and therefore I felt no other emotion than a rather sardonic amusement when thirty-six hours later I read in the morning paper an open letter from the officials of the very company who had been communicating with me in which they enthusiastically advocated the renomination of the Superintendent. Shortly afterwards my visitor, the young lawyer, called me up on the telephone and explained that the officials did not mean what they had said in this letter, that they had been obliged to write it for fear of the Superintendent, but that if they got the chance they intended to help me get rid of him. I thanked him and said I thought I could manage the fight by myself. I did not hear from him again, though his father continued to write public demands that I should practice pure virtue, undefiled and offensive.

A BLUFF TO THE LIMIT

Meanwhile Senator Platt declined to yield. I had picked out a man, a friend of his, who I believed would make an honest and competent official, and whose position in the organization was such that I did not believe the Senate would venture to reject him. However, up to the day before the appointment was to go to the Senate, Mr. Platt remained unyielding. I saw him that afternoon and tried to get him to yield, but he said No, that if I insisted it would be war to the knife, and my destruction, and perhaps the destruction of the party. I said I was

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very sorry, that I could not yield, and if the war came it would have to come, and that next morning I should send in the name of the Superintendent's successor. We parted, and soon afterwards I received from the man who was at the moment Mr. Platt's right-hand lieutenant a request to know where he could see me that evening. I appointed the Union League Club. My visitor went over the old ground, explained that the Senator would under no circumstances yield, that he was certain to win in the fight, that my reputation would be destroyed, and that he wished to save me from such a lamentable smash-up as an ending to my career. I could only repeat what I had already said, and after half an hour of futile argument I rose and said that nothing was to be gained by further talk and that I might as well go. My visitor repeated that I had this last chance, and that ruin was ahead of me if I refused it; whereas, if I accepted, everything would be made easy. I shook my head and answered, "There is nothing to add to what I have already said." He responded, "You have made up your mind?" and I said, "I have." He then said, "You know it means your ruin?" and I answered, "Well, we will see about that," and walked toward the door. He said, "You understand, the fight will begin tomorrow and will be carried on to the bitter end." I said, "Yes," and added, as I reached the door, "Good-night." Then, as the door opened, my opponent, or visitor, whichever one chooses to call him, whose face was as impassive and as inscrutable as that of Mr. John Hamlin in a poker game, said: "Hold on! We accept. Send in So-and-so [the man I had named]. The Senator is very sorry, but he will make no further opposition!" I never saw a bluff carried more resolutely through to the final limit. My success in the affair, coupled with the appointment of Messrs. Partridge and Hooker, secured me against further effort to interfere with my handling of the executive departments.

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"MR. LOEB GAVE ME MUCH INFORMATION ABOUT VARIOUS IMPROPER PRACTICES IN THE INSURANCE BUSINESS"

MR. PERKINS AND INSURANCE

It was in connection with the insurance business that I first met Mr. George W. Perkins. He came to me with a letter of introduction from the then Speaker of the National House of Representatives, Tom Reed, which ran: "Mr. Perkins is a personal friend of mine, whose straightforwardness and intelligence will commend to you whatever he has to say. If you will give him proper opportunity to explain his business, I have no doubt that what he will say will be worthy of your attention." Mr. Perkins wished to see me with reference to a bill that had just been introduced in the Legislature, which aimed to limit the aggregate volume of insurance that any New York State company could assume. There were then three big insurance companies in New York—the Mutual Life, Equitable, and New York Life. Mr. Perkins was a Vice-President of the New York Life Insurance Company and Mr. John A. McCall was its President. I had just finished my fight against the Superintendent of Insurance, whom I refused to continue in office. Mr. McCall had written me a very strong letter urging that he be retained, and had done everything he could to aid Senator Platt in securing his retention. The Mutual Life and Equitable people had openly followed the same course, but in private had hedged. They were both backing the proposed bill. Mr. McCall was opposed to it; he was in California, and just

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before starting thither he had been told by the Mutual Life and Equitable that the Limitation Bill was favored by me and would be put through if such a thing were possible. Mr. McCall did not know me, and on leaving for California told Mr. Perkins that from all he could learn he was sure I was bent on putting this bill through, and that nothing he could say to me would change my view; in fact, because he had fought so hard to retain the old Insurance Superintendent, he felt that I would be particularly opposed to anything he might wish done.

As a matter of fact, I had no such feeling. I had been carefully studying the question. I had talked with the Mutual Life and Equitable people about it, but was not committed to any particular course, and had grave doubts as to whether it was well to draw the line on size instead of on conduct. I was therefore very glad to see Perkins and get a new point of view. I went over the matter with a great deal of care and at considerable length, and after we had thrashed the matter out pretty fully and Perkins had laid before me in detail the methods employed by Austria, Germany, Switzerland, and other European countries to handle their large insurance companies, I took the position that there undoubtedly were evils in the insurance business, but that they did not consist in insuring people's lives, for that certainly was not an evil; and I did not see how the real evils could be eradicated by limiting or suppressing a company's ability to protect an additional number of lives with insurance. I therefore announced that I would not favor a bill that limited volume of business, and would not sign it if it were passed; but that I favored legislation that would make it impossible to place, through agents, policies that were ambiguous and misleading, or to pay exorbitant prices to agents for business, or to invest policy-holders' money in improper securities, or to give power to officers to use the company's funds for their own personal profit. In reaching this determination I was helped by Mr. Loeb, then merely a stenographer in my office, but who had already attracted my attention both by his efficiency and by his loyalty to his former employers, who were for the most part my political opponents. Mr. Loeb gave me much information about various improper practices in the insurance business. I began to gather data on the subject, with the intention of bringing about corrective legislation, for at that time I expected to continue in office as Governor. But in a few weeks I was nominated as Vice-President, and my successor did nothing about the matter.

So far as I remember, this was the first time the question of correcting evils in a business by limiting the volume of business to be done was ever presented to me, and my decision in the matter was on all fours with the position I have always since taken when any similar principle was involved. At the time when I made my decision about the Limitation Bill, I was on friendly terms with the Mutual and Equitable people who were back of it, whereas I did not know Mr. McCall at all, and Mr. Perkins only from hearing him discuss the bill.

FIVE YEARS LATER

An interesting feature of the matter developed subsequently. Five years later, after the insurance investigations took place, the Mutual Life strongly urged the passage of a Limitation Bill, and, because of the popular feeling developed by the exposure of the improper practices of the companies, this bill was generally approved. Governor Hughes adopted the suggestion, such a bill was passed by the Legislature, and Governor Hughes signed it. This bill caused the three great New York companies to reduce markedly the volume of business they were doing; it threw a great many agents out of employment, and materially curtailed the foreign business of the companies—which business was bringing annually a considerable sum of money to this country for investment. In short, the experiment worked so badly that before Governor Hughes went out of office one of the very last bills he signed was one that permitted the life insurance companies to increase their business each year by an amount representing a certain percentage of the business they had previously done. This in practice, within a few years, practically annulled the Limitation Bill that had been previously passed. The experiment of limiting the size of business, of legislating against it merely because it was big, had been tried, and had failed so completely that the authors of the bill had themselves in effect repealed it. My action in refusing to try the experiment had been completely justified.

THE PALISADE PARK COMMISSION

As a sequel to this incident I got Mr. Perkins to serve on the Palisade Park Com-

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mission. At the time I was taking active part in the effort to save the Palisades from vandalism and destruction by getting the States of New York and New Jersey jointly to include them in a public park. It is not easy to get a responsible and capable man of business to undertake such a task, which is unpaid, which calls on his part for an immense expenditure of time, money, and energy, which offers no reward of any kind, and which entails the certainty of abuse and misrepresentation. Mr. Perkins accepted the position, and has filled it for the last thirteen years, doing as disinterested, efficient, and useful a bit of public service as any man in the State has done throughout these thirteen years.

A CLASH WITH THE MACHINE

The case of most importance in which I clashed with Senator Platt related to a matter of fundamental governmental policy, and was the first step I ever took toward bringing big corporations under effective governmental control. In this case I had to fight the Democratic machine as well as the Republican machine, for Senator Hill and Senator Platt were equally opposed to my action, and the big corporation men, the big business men back of both of them, took precisely the same view of these matters without regard to their party feelings on other points. What I did convulsed people at that time, and marked the beginning of the effort, at least in the Eastern States, to make the great corporations really responsible to popular wish and governmental command. But we have gone so far past the stage in which we then were that now it seems well-nigh incredible that there should have been any opposition at all to what I at that time proposed.

STREET CAR FRANCHISES

The substitution of electric power for horse power in the street car lines of New York offered a fruitful chance for the most noxious type of dealing between business men and politicians. The franchises granted by New York were granted without any attempt to secure from the grantees returns, in the way of taxation or otherwise, for the value received. The fact that they were thus granted by improper favoritism, a favoritism which in many cases was unquestionably secured by downright bribery, led to all kinds of trouble. In return for the continuance of these improper favors to the corporations the politicians expected improper favors in the way of excessive campaign contributions, often contributed by the same corporation at the same time to two opposing parties. Before I became Governor a bill had been introduced into the New York Legislature to tax the franchises of these street railways. It affected a large number of corporations, but particularly those in New York and Buffalo. It had been suffered to slumber undisturbed, as none of the people in power dreamed of taking it seriously, and both the Republican and Democratic machines were hostile to it. Under the rules of the New York Legislature a bill could always be taken up out of its turn and passed if the Governor sent in a special emergency message on its behalf.

After I was elected Governor I had my attention directed to the franchise tax matter, looked into the subject, and came to the conclusion that it was a matter of plain decency and honesty that these companies should pay a tax on their franchises, inasmuch as they did nothing that could be considered as service rendered the public in lieu of a tax. This seemed to me so evidently the common-sense and decent thing to do that I was hardly prepared for the storm of protest and anger which my proposal aroused. Senator Platt and the other machine leaders did everything to get me to abandon my intention. As usual, I saw them, talked the matter all over with them, and did my best to convert them to my way of thinking. Senator Platt, I believe, was quite sincere in his opposition. He did not believe in popular rule, and he did believe that the big business men were entitled to have things their way. He profoundly distrusted the people—naturally enough, for the kind of human nature with which a boss comes in contact is not of an exalted type. He felt that anarchy would come if there was any interference with a system by which the people in mass were, under various necessary cloaks, controlled by the leaders in the political and business worlds. He wrote me a very strong letter of protest against my attitude, expressed in dignified, friendly, and temperate language, but using one word in a curious way. This was the word "altruistic." He stated in his letter that he had not objected to my being independent in politics, because he had been sure that I had the good of the party at heart, and meant to act fairly and honorably; but that he had been warned, before I became a

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candidate, by a number of his business friends that I was a dangerous man because I was "altruistic," and that he now feared that my conduct would justify the alarm thus expressed. I was interested in this, not only because Senator Platt was obviously sincere, but because of the way in which he used "altruistic" as a term of reproach, as if it was communistic or socialistic—the last being a word he did use to me when, as now and then happened, he thought that my proposals warranted fairly reckless vituperation.

SENATOR PLATT'S LETTER

Senator Platt's letter ran in part as follows:

"When the subject of your nomination was under consideration, there was one matter that gave me real anxiety. I think you will have no trouble in appreciating the fact that it was *not* the matter of your independence. I think we have got far enough along in our political acquaintance for you to see that my support in a convention does not imply subsequent 'demands,' nor any other relation that may not reasonably exist for the welfare of the party. . . . The thing that did bother me was this: I had heard from a good many sources that you were a little loose on the relations of capital and labor, on trusts and combinations, and, indeed, on those numerous questions which have recently arisen in politics affecting the security of earnings and the right of a man to run his own business in his own way, with due respect of course to the Ten Commandments and the Penal Code. Or, to get at it even more clearly, I understood from a number of business men, and among them many of your own personal friends, that you entertained various altruistic ideas, all very well in their way, but which before they could safely be put into law needed very profound consideration. . . . You have just adjourned a Legislature which created a good opinion throughout the State. I congratulate you heartily upon this fact because I sincerely believe, as everybody else does, that this good impression exists very largely as a result of your personal influence in the Legislative chambers. But at the last moment, and to my very great surprise, you did a thing which has caused the business community of New York to wonder how far the notions of Populism, as laid down in Kansas and Nebraska, have taken hold upon the Republican party of the State of New York."

THE REPLY

In my answer I pointed out to the Senator that I had as Governor unhesitatingly acted, at Buffalo and elsewhere, to put down mobs, without regard to the fact that the professed leaders of labor furiously denounced me for so doing; but that I could no more tolerate wrong committed in the name of property than wrong committed against property. My letter ran in part as follows: "I knew that you had just the feelings that you describe; that is, apart from my 'impulsiveness,' you felt that there was a justifiable anxiety among men of means, and especially men representing large corporate interests, lest I might feel too strongly on what you term the 'altruistic' side in matters of labor and capital and as regards the relations of the State to great corporations. . . . I know that when parties divide on such issues [as Bryanism] the tendency is to force everybody into one of two camps, and to throw out entirely men like myself, who are as strongly opposed to Populism in every stage as the greatest representative of corporate wealth, but who also feel strongly that many of these representatives of enormous corporate wealth have themselves been responsible for a portion of the conditions against which Bryanism is in ignorant revolt. I do not believe that it is wise or safe for us as a party to take refuge in mere negation and to say that there are no evils to be corrected. It seems to me that our attitude should be one of correcting the evils and thereby showing that, whereas the Populists, Socialists, and others really do not correct the evils at all, or else only do so at the expense of producing others in aggravated form, on the contrary we Republicans hold the just balance and set ourselves as resolutely against improper corporate influence on the one hand as against demagogy and mob rule on the other. I understand perfectly that such an attitude of moderation is apt to be misunderstood when passions are greatly excited and when victory is apt to rest with the extremists on one side or the other; yet I think it is in the long run the only wise attitude. . . . I appreciate absolutely [what Mr. Platt had said] that any applause I get will be too evanescent for a moment's consideration. I appreciate absolutely that the people who now loudly approve of my action in the franchise tax bill will forget all about it in a fortnight, and that, on the other hand, the very powerful

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interests adversely affected will always remember it. . . . [the leaders] urged upon me that I personally could not afford to take this action, for under no circumstances could I ever again be nominated for any public office, as no corporation would subscribe to a campaign fund if I was on the ticket, and that they would subscribe most heavily to beat me; and when I asked if this were true of Republican corporations, the cynical answer was made that the corporations that subscribed most heavily to the campaign funds subscribed impartially to both party organizations. Under all these circumstances, it seemed to me there was no alternative but to do what I could to secure the passage of the bill."

PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH BROTHERS

". . . FATHER DOYLE OF THE PAULIST FATHERS. I HAD BECOME VERY INTIMATE WITH THE PAULIST FATHERS WHILE I WAS POLICE COMMISSIONER"

TWO OPPOSING IDEAS

These two letters, written in the spring of 1899, express clearly the views of the two elements of the Republican party, whose hostility gradually grew until it culminated thirteen years later. In 1912 the political and financial forces of which Mr. Platt had once been the spokesman usurped the control of the party machinery and drove out of the party the men who were loyally endeavoring to apply the principles of the founders of the party to the needs and issues of their own day.

THE FRANCHISE BILL GOES THROUGH

I had made up my mind that if I could get a show in the Legislature the bill would pass, because the people had become interested and the representatives would scarcely dare to vote the wrong way. Accordingly, on April 27, 1899, I sent a special message to the Assembly, certifying that the emergency demanded the immediate passage of the bill. The machine leaders were bitterly angry, and the Speaker actually tore up the message without reading it to the Assembly. That night they were busy trying to arrange some device for the defeat of the bill—which was not difficult, as the session was about to close. At seven the next morning I was informed of what had occurred. At eight I was in the Capitol at the Executive chamber, and sent in another special message, which opened as follows: "I learn that the emergency message which I sent last evening to the Assembly on behalf of the Franchise Tax Bill has not been read. I therefore send hereby another message on the subject. I need not impress upon the Assembly the need of passing this bill at once." I sent this message to the Assembly by my secretary, William J. Youngs, afterwards United States District Attorney of Kings, with an intimation that if this were not promptly read I should come up in person and read it. Then, as so often happens, the opposition collapsed and the bill went through both houses with a rush. I had in the House stanch friends, such as Regis Post and Alford Cooley, men of character and courage, who would have fought to a finish had the need arisen.

EFFORTS TO NULLIFY THE BILL

My troubles were not at an end, however. The bill put the taxation in the hands of the local county boards, and as the railways sometimes passed through several different counties, this was inadvisable. It was the end of the session, and the Legislature adjourned.

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The corporations affected, through various counsel, and the different party leaders of both organizations, urged me not to sign the bill, laying especial stress on this feature, and asking that I wait until the following year, when a good measure could be put through with this obnoxious feature struck out. I had thirty days under the law in which to sign the bill. If I did not sign it by the end of that time it would not become a law. I answered my political and corporation friends by telling them that I agreed with them that this feature was wrong, but that I would rather have the bill with this feature than not have it at all; and that I was not willing to trust to what might be done a year later. Therefore, I explained, I would reconvene the Legislature in special session, and if the legislators chose to amend the bill by placing the power of taxation in the State instead of in the county or municipality, I would be glad; but that if they failed to amend it, or amended it improperly, I would sign the original bill and let it become law as it was.

When the representatives of Mr. Platt and of the corporations affected found they could do no better, they assented to this proposition. Efforts were tentatively made to outwit me by inserting amendments that would nullify the effect of the law, or by withdrawing the law when the Legislature convened; which would at once have deprived me of the whip hand. On May 12 I wrote Senator Platt, outlining the amendments I desired, and said: "Of course it must be understood that I will sign the present bill if the proposed bill containing the changes outlined above fails to pass." On May 18 I notified the Senate leader, John Raines, by telegram: "Legislature has no power to withdraw the Ford bill. If attempt is made to do so, I will sign the bill at once." On the same day, by telegram, I wired Mr. Odell concerning the bill the leaders were preparing: "Some provisions of bill very objectionable. I am at work on bill to show you tomorrow. The bill must not contain greater changes than those outlined in my message." My wishes were heeded, and when I had reconvened the Legislature it amended the bill as I outlined in my message; and in its amended form the bill became law.

There promptly followed something which afforded an index of the good faith of the corporations that had been protesting to me. As soon as the change for which they had begged was inserted in the law, and the law was signed, they turned round and refused to pay the taxes; and in the lawsuit that followed they claimed that the law was unconstitutional, because it contained the very clause which they had so clamorously demanded. Senator David B. Hill had appeared before me on behalf of the corporations to argue for the change; and he then appeared before the courts to make the argument on the other side. The suit was carried through to the Supreme Court of the United States, which declared the law constitutional during the time that I was President.

THE REFUSING OF PARDONS

One of the painful duties of the chief executive in States like New York, as well as in the Nation, is the refusing of pardons. Yet I can imagine nothing more necessary from the standpoint of good citizenship than the ability to steel one's heart in this matter of granting pardons. The pressure is always greatest in two classes of cases: first, that where capital punishment is inflicted; second, that where the man is prominent socially and in the business world, and where in consequence his crime is apt to have been one concerned in some way with finance.

As regards capital cases, the trouble is that emotional men and women always see only the individual whose fate is up at the moment, and neither his victim nor the many millions of unknown individuals who would in the long run be harmed by what they ask. Moreover, almost any criminal, however brutal, has usually some person, often a person whom he has greatly wronged, who will plead for him. If the mother is alive she will always come, and she cannot help feeling that the case in which she is so concerned is peculiar, that in this case a pardon should be granted. It was really heartrending to have to see the kinsfolk and friends of murderers who were condemned to death, and among the very rare occasions when anything governmental or official caused me to lose sleep were the times when I had to listen to some poor mother making a plea for a criminal so wicked, so utterly brutal and depraved, that it would have been a crime on my part to remit his punishment.

ASKING LENIENCY FOR SCOUNDRELS

On the other hand, there were certain crimes concerning which requests for leniency merely made me angry. Such crimes were, for instance, rape, or the circulation of indecent

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literature, or anything connected with what would now be called the "white slave" traffic, or wife murder, or gross cruelty to women and children, or seduction and abandonment, or the action of some man in getting a girl whom he had seduced to commit abortion. I am speaking in each instance of cases that actually came before me, either while I was Governor or while I was President. In an astonishing number of these cases men of high standing signed petitions or wrote letters asking me to show leniency to the criminal. In two or three of the cases—one where some young roughs had committed rape on a helpless immigrant girl, and another in which a physician of wealth and high standing had seduced a girl and then induced her to commit abortion—I rather lost my temper, and wrote to the individuals who had asked for the pardon, saying that I extremely regretted that it was not in my power to increase the sentence. I then let the facts be made public, for I thought that my petitioners deserved public censure. Whether they received this public censure or not I did not know, but that my action made them very angry I do know, and their anger gave me real satisfaction. The list of these petitioners was a fairly long one, and included two United States Senators, a Governor of a State, two judges, an editor, and some eminent lawyers and business men.

DEFAULTERS AND BANK ROBBERS

In the class of cases where the offense was one involving the misuse of large sums of money the reason for the pressure was different. Cases of this kind more frequently came before me when I was President, but they also came before me when I was Governor, chiefly in the cases of county treasurers who had embezzled funds. A big bank president, a railway magnate, an official connected with some big corporation, or a Government official in a responsible fiduciary position, necessarily belongs among the men who have succeeded in life. This means that his family are living in comfort, and perhaps luxury and refinement, and that his sons and daughters have been well educated. In such a case the misdeed of the father comes as a crushing disaster to the wife and children, and the people of the community, however bitter originally against the man, grow to feel the most intense sympathy for the bowed-down women and children who suffer for the man's fault. It is a dreadful thing in life that so much of atonement for wrong-doing is vicarious. If it were possible in such a case to think only of the banker's or county treasurer's wife and children, any man would pardon the offender at once. Unfortunately, it is not right to think only of the women and children. The very fact that in cases of this class there is certain to be pressure from high sources, pressure sometimes by men who have been beneficially, even though remotely, interested in the man's criminality, no less than pressure because of honest sympathy with the wife and children, makes it necessary that the good public servant shall, no matter how deep his sympathy and regret, steel his heart and do his duty by refusing to let the wrong-doer out. My experience of the way in which pardons are often granted is one of the reasons why I do not believe that life imprisonment for murder and rape is a proper substitute for the death penalty. The average term of so-called life imprisonment in this country is only about fourteen years.

Of course there were cases as to which I either commuted sentences or pardoned offenders with very real pleasure. For instance, when President, I frequently commuted sentences for horse stealing in the Indian Territory because the penalty for stealing a horse was disproportionate to the penalty for many other crimes, and the offense was usually committed by some ignorant young fellow who found a half-wild horse, and really did not commit anything like as serious an offense as the penalty indicated. The judges would be obliged to give the minimum penalty, but would forward me memoranda stating that if there had been a less penalty they would have inflicted it, and I would then commute the sentence to the penalty thus indicated.

In one case in New York I pardoned outright a man convicted of murder in the second degree, and I did this on the recommendation of a friend, Father Doyle of the Paulist Fathers. I had become intimate with the Paulist Fathers while I was Police Commissioner, and I had grown to feel confidence in their judgment, for I had found that they always told me exactly what the facts were about any man, whether he belonged to their church or not. In this case the convicted man was a strongly built, respectable old Irishman employed as a watchman around some big cattle-killing establishments. The young roughs of the neighborhood, which was then of a rather lawless type, used to try to destroy the prop-

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erty of the companies. In a conflict with a watchman a member of one of the gangs was slain. The watchman was acquitted, but the neighborhood was much wrought up over the acquittal. Shortly afterwards a gang of the same roughs attacked another watchman, the old Irishman in question, and finally, to save his own life, he was obliged in self-defense to kill one of his assailants. The feeling in the community, however, was strongly against him, and some of the men high up in the corporation became frightened and thought that it would be better to throw over the watchman. He was convicted. Father Doyle came to me, told me that he knew the man well, that he was one of the best members of his church, admirable in every way, that he had simply been forced to fight for his life while loyally doing his duty, and that the conviction represented the triumph of the tough element of the district and the abandonment of this man, by those who should have stood by him, under the influence of an unworthy fear. I looked into the case, came to the conclusion that Father Doyle was right, and gave the man a full pardon before he had served thirty days.

THE VICE-PRESIDENCY

The various clashes between myself and the machine, my triumph in them, and the fact that the people were getting more and more interested and aroused, brought on a curious situation in the Republican National Convention at Philadelphia in June, 1900. Senator Platt and the New York machine leaders had become very anxious to get me out of the Governorship, chiefly because of the hostility of the big corporation men towards me; but they had also become convinced that there was such popular feeling on my behalf that it would be difficult to refuse me a renomination if I demanded it. They accordingly decided to push me for Vice-President, taking advantage of the fact that there was at that time a good deal of feeling for me in the country at large. I myself did not appreciate that there was any such feeling, and as I greatly disliked the office of Vice-President and was much interested in the Governorship, I announced that I would not accept the Vice-Presidency. I was one of the delegates to Philadelphia. On reaching there I found that the situation was complicated. Senator Hanna appeared on the surface to have control of the Convention. He was anxious that I should not be nominated as Vice-President. Senator Platt was anxious that I should be nominated as Vice-President, in order to get me out of the New York Governorship. Each took a position opposite to that of the other, but each at that time cordially sympathized with the other's feelings about me—it was the manifestations and not the feelings that differed. My supporters in New York State did not wish me nominated for Vice-President, because they wished me to continue as Governor; but in every other State all the people who admired me were bound that I should be nominated as Vice-President. These people were almost all desirous of seeing Mr. McKinley renominated as President, but they became angry at Senator Hanna's opposition to me as Vice-President. He in his turn suddenly became aware that if he persisted he might find that in their anger these men would oppose Mr. McKinley's renomination, and although they could not have prevented the nomination, such opposition would have been a serious blow in the campaign which was to follow. Senator Hanna, therefore, began to waver.

Meanwhile a meeting of the New York delegation was called. Most of the delegates were under the control of Senator Platt. The Senator notified me that if I refused to accept the nomination for Vice-President I would be beaten for the nomination for Governor. I answered that I would accept the challenge, that we would have a straight-out fight on the proposition, and that I would begin it at once by telling the assembled delegates of the threat, and giving fair warning that I intended to fight for the Governorship nomination, and, moreover, that I intended to get it. This brought Senator Platt to terms. The effort to instruct the New York delegation for me was abandoned, and Lieutenant-Governor Woodruff was presented for nomination in my place.

I supposed that this closed the incident, and that no further effort would be made to nominate me for the Vice-Presidency. On the contrary, the effect was directly the reverse. The upset of the New York machine increased the feeling of the delegates from other States that it was necessary to draft me for the nomination. By next day Senator Hanna himself concluded that this was a necessity, and acquiesced in the movement. As New York was already committed against me, and as I was not willing that there should be any chance of supposing that the

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New Yorkers had nominated me to get rid of me, the result was that I was nominated and seconded from outside States. No other candidate was placed in the field.

ELECTION FRAUD AND CHIEF DEVERY

By this time the Legislature had adjourned, and most of my work as Governor of New York was over. One unexpected bit of business arose, however. It was the year of the Presidential campaign. Tammany, which had been lukewarm about Bryan in 1896, cordially supported him in 1900; and when Tammany heartily supports a candidate it is well for the opposing candidate to keep a sharp lookout for election frauds. The city government was in the hands of Tammany; but I had power to remove the Mayor, the Sheriff, and the District Attorney for malfeasance or misfeasance in office. Such power had not been exercised by any previous Governor, as far as I knew; but it existed, and if the misfeasance or malfeasance warranted it, and if the Governor possessed the requisite determination, the power could be, and ought to be, exercised.

By an Act of the Legislature, a State Bureau of Elections had been created in New York City, and a Superintendent of Elections appointed by the Governor. The Chief of the State Bureau of Elections was John McCullagh, formerly in the Police Department when I was Police Commissioner. The Chief of Police for the city was William F. Devery, one of the Tammany leaders, who represented in the Police Department all that I had warred against while Commissioner. On November 4 Devery directed his subordinates in the Police Department to disregard the orders which McCullagh had given to his deputies, orders which were essential if we were to secure an honest election in the city. I had just returned from a Western campaign trip, and was at Sagamore Hill. I had no direct power over Devery; but the Mayor had; and I had power over the Mayor. Accordingly, I at once wrote to the Mayor of New York, to the Sheriff of New York, and to the District Attorney of New York County the following letters:

STATE OF NEW YORK

Oyster Bay, November 5, 1900.

To the Mayor of the City of New York.

Sir: My attention has been called to the official order issued by Chief of Police Devery, in which he directs his subordinates to disregard the Chief of the State Election Bureau, John McCullagh, and his deputies. Unless you have already taken steps to secure the recall of this order, it is necessary for me to point out that I shall be obliged to hold you responsible as the head of the city government for the action of the Chief of Police, if it should result in any breach of the peace and intimidation or any crime whatever against the election laws. The State and city authorities should work together. I will not fail to call to summary account either State or city authority in the event of either being guilty of intimidation or connivance at fraud or of failure to protect every legal voter in his rights. I therefore hereby notify you that in the event of any wrong-doing following upon the failure immediately to recall Chief Devery's order, or upon any action or inaction on the part of Chief Devery, I must necessarily call you to account. Yours, etc.,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

STATE OF NEW YORK

Oyster Bay, November 5, 1900.

To the Sheriff of the County of New York.

Sir: My attention has been called to the official order issued by Chief of Police Devery in which he directs his subordinates to disregard the Chief of the State Election Bureau, John McCullagh, and his deputies.

It is your duty to assist in the orderly enforcement of the law, and I shall hold you strictly responsible for any breach of the public peace within your county, or for any failure on your part to do your full duty in connection with the election to-morrow.

Yours truly,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

STATE OF NEW YORK

Oyster Bay, November 5, 1900.

To the District Attorney of the County of New York.

Sir: My attention has been called to the official order issued by Chief of Police Devery, in which he directs his subordinates to disregard the Chief of the State Election Bureau, John McCullagh, and his deputies.

In view of this order I call your attention to the fact that it is your duty to assist in the orderly enforcement of the law, and there must be no failure on your part to do your full duty in the matter. Yours truly,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

These letters had the desired effect. The Mayor promptly required Chief Devery to rescind the obnoxious order, which was as promptly done. The Sheriff also took prompt action. The District Attorney refused to heed my letter, and assumed an attitude of defiance, and I removed him from office. On election day there was no clash between the city and State authorities; the election was orderly and honest.

The next installment of Mr. Roosevelt's "Chapters of a Possible Autobiography" is entitled "Outdoors and Indoors." It will appear in The Outlook of October 25

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THE MAN WHO BUILT A BRIDGE IN EIGHT DAYS

BY ROBERT JERMAIN COLE

"THE hippopotamus, my friends," remarked the circus man, "is not a pretty beast, but he is just as happy in the water as he is on land." Personally we don't see how a critter with a face like his could be happy anywhere; but, however that may be, man is different. He is thinner-skinned, and he won't stay contentedly in mud and water. Even the sourest pessimist will admit that man has made more progress than the hippopotamus.

Nobody had a better chance to show the man's way than the constructing engineers after the flood. Not to mention the miles of washed roadbed, there were the bridges. For example, at Zanesville, Ohio, an assorted collection of houses and freight cars, riding on the swift current of the Muskingum, knocked out three spans of a railway bridge. The public needed that bridge in its business. If John Smith's house goes down, he may board, or rent another, but the railway *must* rebuild, and at once. Paul Didier, principa assistant engineer of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, undertook the job. Most people said it ought to be done in a month. His chief said three weeks. He gave himself two weeks, and finished the bridge in eight days.

Mr. Didier was born and educated in France. He remembers when Victor Hugo used to come and talk with the students in Paris after one of his morning rides on top of an omnibus. The old man was very keen for any new story the boys had picked up, and he liked to be with them—because they were boys. At home young Paul heard a great deal about the poet's hero, Napoleon. His father had taken part in the long, sad march to Russia and home again. One of his favorite stories was that of a boy who deserted and was captured and court-martialed. When the Emperor asked why he ran away, the soldier answered: "My mother lives in Vevay, and I wanted to see her before another battle." Napoleon pinned a decoration on his coat, saying that he wanted in his army men who loved their mothers well enough to risk death to see them.

PAUL DIDIER, THE BRIDGE BUILDER

Later Paul Didier fought in the Franco-Prussian War, and was in the great retreat; he was one of four men to go seventy-four miles from midnight to eight o'clock of the second morning after. Sixteen comrades fell by the wayside. Thirty years ago he came to America; he has kept all the flavor of France and added to it many of the ways of the Yankee. Not long ago there was a great convention in Washington of engineers from all over the world; the report of the proceedings was in French. Mr. Didier had charge of the translation of the English addresses. There were a few phrases which his American brain couldn't explain to his French gray matter; he left them in English.

"If they don't know what that means, they'll

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THE NEW RAILROAD BRIDGE AT ZANESVILLE WHEN ALMOST COMPLETED

have to find out themselves," he said. He knows six languages himself. At another convention a German scientist made a rather remarkable statement as to the number of gallons of water given out by a single tree.

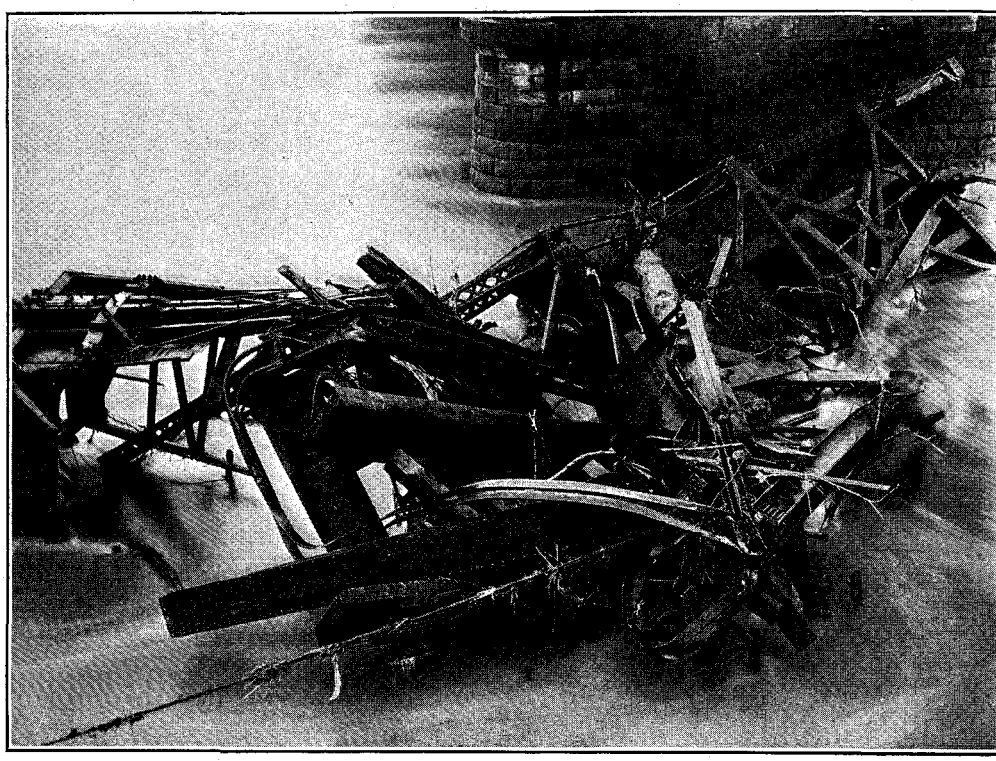
"I move that all railroad water tanks be replaced by these trees, planted at suitable intervals," was the engineer's quick suggestion. At Zanesville one of the first things he noticed was the long string of sausages spilled along the track—"and not a dog in sight to eat them."

There were no boots in Zanesville. The provident railroader had brought his, and a man offered him ten dollars for them.

"I shouldn't think of taking money from people in such a crisis," he said; "but you may wear them half of each day and I will wear them the other half." And so they did.

The actual building of the bridge was largely a matter of doing it—not a text-book job. They couldn't drive piles and they couldn't make soundings. The current swept aside three heavy steel rails at the end of a plumb line. So they simply put each piece of framework—bents, they call them—down as far as it would go, measured the difference in height at the two ends, pulled it up, and cut off the long leg. It was Chinese carpentry, if you please—but it worked.

"I wouldn't have done it twenty-five years ago," said Paul Didier. Youth is so conservative.



THE OLD BRIDGE AS WRECKED BY THE FLOOD

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PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITMAN

HELEN KELLER

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BLIND LEADERS

BY HELEN KELLER

WITH Miss Keller's permission the editors of The Outlook here preface her article on "Blind Leaders" with a personal letter to the editors, received after the article was accepted. This letter seems to them to give the clearest depiction of the way a deaf and blind person perceives, thinks, and reasons that they have ever seen. It furnishes, therefore, an admirable introduction to the article that follows:

To the Editors of The Outlook:

When Mr. Booth [a literary adviser and friend—THE EDITORS] read my essay "Blind Leaders," he said to Mrs. Macy, "It's all right. But people won't believe that Helen Keller wrote it. I have heard men say, 'How can she know about these things? How can one deaf and blind from infancy know about life, about people, about affairs? It is impossible for her to have a first-hand knowledge of what is going on in the world. She is only a mouthpiece for somebody else.'"

I must plead guilty to the charge that I am deaf and blind, although I forget this fact most of the time. Occasionally I come into sharp collision with the stone wall out in my back field, and for a second or two there is not the slightest doubt in my mind that I am blind. When my friends tell me they cannot hear me speak because a freight train is passing, I realize that I am deaf. But I do not feel so very sorry; for it is not pleasant to have one's thoughts disturbed by the noise of a freight train.

As for the other charges, they are groundless, they are ridiculous. My blindness does not shut me out from a knowledge of what is happening about me. True, I did not witness the recent dreadful wreck at Stamford; neither did most people in the United States. But that did not prevent me, any more than it prevented them, from knowing about it. To be sure, I cannot hear my neighbors discuss the events and questions of the day; but, judging from what is repeated to me of those discussions—and all that they say is often repeated conscientiously—I feel that I do not miss much.

I prefer to use the eye and the ear of the world which the printed page makes mine. I prefer to read the opinions of well-informed persons, clear thinkers like Alfred Russel Wallace, William Morris, Bernard Shaw, Sir Oliver Lodge, H. G. Wells, William English Walling, Judge Lindsey, Robert Hunter, Karl Kautsky, Herbert Spencer, Darwin, and Marx. You say, "But what do you know about life that enables you to judge of the competency of such men to give an opinion?" If books are not life, I do not know what they are. In the writings of poets, sages, prophets, is recorded all that men have seen, heard, and felt. Having all this in the grasp of my two hands, my means of observing what is going on in the world is not so very limited, after all. I have all the keys to the doors of knowledge. I am benefited by every observation made by scientist, philosopher, prophet. The eyes of the mind are stronger, more penetrating, and more reliable than our physical eyes. We can see a lot of things with a little common-sense light to aid our perceptions.

I have never been a captain of industry or a strike-breaker or a soldier; neither have most people. But I have studied about them, and I think I understand their relation to society. At all events, I claim my right to discuss them. I also know something about gambling. For I gambled once, in stocks and bonds—once only; for I lost all I had in that one venture. But if I did not win, somebody else did, and I had a good deal of "first-hand experience."

I have worked for the blind. I have come into contact with them. I have taken an active part in meetings and spoken before legislatures in their behalf. I have studied their problems, and, in order to understand them fully, I found it necessary to study the problems of the seeing among whom the blind live and work. I have found that the needs and difficulties of the sightless are similar to the needs and difficulties of all who are handicapped in the struggle for a livelihood, for education, for equal opportunity. If this work for the blind is not "first-hand experience," I do not know where you or I can get it.

Finally, I have visited sweat-shops, factories, crowded slums of New York and Washington. Of course I could not see the squalor; but if I could not see it, I could smell it. With my own hands I could feel pinched, dwarfed children tending their

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younger brothers and sisters, while their mothers tended machines in near-by factories.

Besides the advantages of books and of personal experience, I have the advantage of a mind trained to think. In most people I talk with thought is infantile. In the well educated it is rare. In time their minds become automatic machines. People do not like to think. If one thinks, one must reach conclusions, and conclusions are not always pleasant. They are a thorn in the spirit. But I consider it a priceless gift and a deep responsibility to think. Thought—intelligent thought—gives new eyes to the blind and new ears to the deaf. HELEN KELLER.

Wrentham, Massachusetts.

I DO not doubt that many persons who read what I am going to write will say to themselves: "She is indeed blind. She is so blind that she imagines everybody else to be blind." As a matter of fact, I have been thinking for a long time that most of us are afflicted with spiritual blindness. Certainly, very few people open fresh, fearless eyes upon the world they live in. They do not look at anything straight. They have not learned to use their eyes, except in the most rudimentary ways. They will usually see a lamp-post—if it is a large one—and sometimes they are able to read the danger signal on a railway crossing, but not always. Most of the time they expect some one else to see for them. They often pay fabulous sums to lawyers, doctors, ministers, and other "experts" to do their seeing for them; but, unfortunately, it frequently happens that those hired guides and leaders are also blind. Of course they deny that their sight is imperfect. They claim to have extraordinary powers of vision, and many people believe them. Consequently, they are permitted to lead their fellows. But how often do they steer them to their destruction!

When we look about us with seeing eyes, what do we behold? Men and women at our very doors wrung with hard labor, want or the dread of want, needing help and receiving none, toiling for less than a living wage! If we had had penetrating vision, I know that we could not, we would not, have endured what we saw—cruelty, ignorance, poverty, disease—almost all preventable, unnecessary. Our blind leaders whom we have sent away told us that the poverty and misery of mankind were divinely ordained. They taught us that the words, "Ye have the poor always with you," mean that Christ sanctioned poverty as necessary and irremediable. Now we read the Gospel with our own eyes, and we see that Christ meant no such thing.

Much poverty is abominable, unnecessary, a disgrace to our civilization, or rather a denial that we are civilized. Let us try to understand poverty. What is the cause of it? Simply this: That the land, the machinery, the means of life, belong to the few, while the many are born and live with nothing that they can call their own except their hands and their brains. They live by selling their hands and their brains to the few; and all the work they do makes the rich more rich, and gains for the workers a mere livelihood, or less than a livelihood. The ownership of the world by a small class is the main cause of poverty. Strange that we could not see it before, and that when we did see it we accepted it in blind contentment! Our blind guides consoled us by saying that there was much charity, and that the rich were generous and gave to the poor. We now see that what the rich give is only a small part of the money which is made for them by the labor of the poor! They never stop to think that if the workers received an equitable share of their product, there would be no rich, there would be little need of philanthropy. Charity covers a multitude of sins. It does something worse than that. It covers the facts so that they cannot be seen. It covers the fact that the property of the few is made by the labor of the many. The rich are willing to do everything for the poor but to get off their backs.

Our blind leaders used often to blame the poor for their poverty. They declared that the workers did not work enough, were not thrifty enough, squandered their wages. Now we stop and think. We remember that if the workers do not work enough, they do all the work that is done. They make every house that stands, every yard of cloth, every loaf of bread. All that we have we owe to them. If the worker is not thrifty, does not save, it is as often as not because a large part of what he produces goes to some one else, and some one else does the saving. If one man has without producing, it is only because another man produces without having, and that is the trouble in a nutshell.

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We never used to ask ourselves why we were well dressed, well fed, well housed, why we had time for study and self-improvement, why some of us who talked about the worker's lack of thrift had abundance to squander and waste. Nor did we ask why thousands live in poor houses, eat poor food, wear shabby clothes, and are overworked, and have nothing to look forward to all their lives but monotonous days of toil and poverty. Those two questions answer each other. It is the labor of many poor, ignorant people which makes it possible for us to be refined and comfortable. The employers own what the workers make, and that means that they own the workers. Think of it! The employers own the workers, their time, their strength, their brains, the houses in which they live. They own them as really as if they were actual slaves. But the eyes of the owners are veiled. They do not see that to own the worker's tools is to own the worker. In "The Merchant of Venice" Shylock cried, "You take my life when you do take the means whereby I live." It was a money-lender who said that. A workman can say it with better justice and with warmer appeal to our sympathies. But the masters are blind, they are insensible.

We used to walk through dark, dirty streets; we saw debased men and women, stunted children, blind beggars, brutalized young men, and our curiosity was not aroused to ask the cause of these things. Our blind leaders told us that that was human nature. Poor human nature! When human nature plays with matches and sets fire to our house, shall we sit down and say, "How human!" or shall we try to put out the fire? We want to turn the intelligence and goodness of human nature against the ignorance and evil of human nature. I believe we can do this, and that is why I am not a pessimist. When I talk about poverty and ignorance and misery, I know that I am not drawing a beautiful picture of the world. Yet I am no pessimist. The pessimist—another kind of blind leader—says, "Man lives by darkness and in darkness he shall die." I do not believe it. Man was intended for the light, and he shall not die. In light I would have every one live and see clearly to dispel all darkness. The diagnosis of evil is the beginning of cure. I am no prophet of evil. I find much to love in this old world of ours. It is a good world—or it will be when we all use our eyes to make it more as it should be. It is a better world than it was ten centuries ago. It is a better world than it was last year. We lose nothing that man has gained by the sweat of his brow or the genius of his brain. We are every day gaining a little more love, light, and knowledge. We are not becoming blind, we are widening our vision. We are not losing our freedom, because we never had it. Freedom is an ideal. Because it is an ideal I want to make it clear that most of us are not free. If we understand that we are not free, we can work towards our freedom. We cannot be optimists until we have an ideal. We cannot seek intelligently for good until we know evil. We cannot be free until we know the nature of our bondage and examine the chains that bind us.

Our blind leaders used to stand in the high places and harangue about our freedom. The truth is, there never was a free nation, there never was a good government. Since the slaying of Abel there has never been a brother-loving period. We still have to say with Mark Twain: "The brotherhood of man is the most precious thing in the world—what there is of it." From times immemorial men have bowed to the will of masters. Each day they have gone forth, some to do battle, some to hunt, some to dig and delve, some to spin, all striving to win the bread of life. Ever have the toilers tilled and planted, and been hungry. Ever have the mighty rejoiced and feasted. Never have men labored with glad confidence, glorying in the work of their hands. Ever have some stronger, fiercer brothers robbed them of a portion of their labor.

We remember to have heard our blind leaders say that the people were free men, that if they did not like a "job" they could go wherever they pleased. But where can they go? To some other mill, to some other master. When they stop work, go on strike, society is up in arms against them. Idle workmen make the owners indignant. Why? Because when the workman puts his hands in his pockets the employer's profits are cut off.

Again and again our blind leaders have discoursed on the value of gold and silver. But they never answered the vital question, "Why, after centuries of growth, of education, of invention, in an age of great plenty, are the majority of men still poor and ignorant?" What a contradiction is this—abundance increasing manifold side by side with increasing poverty, constant improving of labor-saving machinery, but the laborer still

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without salvation! Worried, puzzled, he knows not how long he shall eat or drink, how he shall stand or sit, wherewithal he shall clothe himself honestly by the work of his hands. But, lo! there is much charity.

From our all-knowing blind leaders we learned that this strange state of things was a result of over-production. Now let us open our eyes and face this absurdity. How can there be over-production when many men, women, and children are cold and hungry and scantily clothed? The trouble is not over-production or under-production as a whole. As a matter of fact, the worker produces too little for himself and too much for others. There is enough of everything in the world; but it is not intelligently distributed. Some people are obliged to be idle and have not enough; some people are enabled to be idle and have more than enough. Hundreds of people own more than one house. Thousands of people own no house. Hundreds of people have good incomes, whether or not they contribute one thought or one motion of the hand to production. Thousands of men work hard and are underpaid. Women and children are bound to machines in unclean workrooms to eke out the small earnings of the men.

Where, then, is the freedom of the people—I mean, the great majority of the people?

Our blind leaders were wont to vaunt of the great prosperity of the country. They talked so loudly that we failed to hear the protest of the workers. They boasted that "America lifts up the manhood of the poor," that we care for the child and give woman a position of dignity. When we tear away the veil which they so skillfully wrapped about our eyes, what do we see? A dwarfed humanity, stunted in body and mind, at war with each other and with the forces of life; the multitudes of mankind ill fed, ill clothed, living in noisome habitations, working at deadly occupations, dulled to joy and the spirit. Our blind guides wring our hearts with details of the tragic fate of the Titanic. But they never told us about the far greater wreck of human lives in the industrial world, or the heroism of men who grapple with wheel, shuttle, and drill. And yet cotton lint, flint of the quarry, dust of flour, cause more havoc than the slaughter in the Balkans. Gas, steam, deadly vapors, white lead, phosphorus, chlorine from the bleaching-room—these are only a few of the horrors that the workman must face hour after hour every day. When we look into mine and factory for ourselves, what do we see? Little children whose souls are quenched out like a flame in joyless toil—little beings freighted with the bud and sap of divine beginnings bent and stunted, stupid and grown old before their time! Does not all that is kindest in us cry out that they were happiest who went first? For what is there in life for those pinched little ones to grow up for? Sooner or later the giant hands of the machines will seize them and hold them, taking all, giving nothing!

And what about the dignity of womanhood? Only a small part of the millions of workingwomen receive enough pay to maintain a decent home and give their children proper care and education. What dignity do women have as citizens when they may not even elect those who shall decide for them vital questions affecting food, clothing, shelter, education? What do we do to save mothers from the necessity of working at machines until they are unfit to become mothers and they bring feeble children into the world? Eight million women and children are in the factories of this country, and three million men are out of work! Blind indeed must be those who do not see that there must be something wrong when such a state of things exists.

I speak from no personal "grouch" or disappointment. For me life has been one long caress of gentle words and gentle hands. I love all men—rich men, poor men, beggar men, thieves. Millionaires have been among my nearest, kindest friends. Henry Rogers was one of the noblest men that ever lived, in spite of his millions. Kindness and consideration have followed me all the days of my life. But I have seen the exaggerated inequality in the conditions of men, and I have studied the cause of this inequality. I am a child of my generation. I am alive to new forces in the world. Disturbing ideas of dynamic power have penetrated the closed doors to my mind, and awakened in me a social conscience. Not the stream which has passed, but that which is passing, turns the wheel of the mill.

When we inquire why things are as they are, the answer is: The foundation of society is laid upon a basis of individualism, conquest, and exploitation, with a total disregard of the good of the whole. The structure of a society built upon such wrong basic principles is bound to retard the development of

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all men, even the most successful ones, because it tends to divert man's energies into useless channels and to degrade his character. The result is a false standard of values. Trade and material prosperity are held to be the main objects of pursuit, and consequently the lowest instincts in human nature—love of gain, cunning, and selfishness—are fostered. The output of a cotton mill or a coal mine is considered of greater importance than the production of healthy, happy-hearted, free human beings.

This unmoral state of society will continue as long as we live under a system of universal competition for the means of existence. The workers cannot lift up their heads so long as a small favored class in each generation is allowed to inherit the accumulated labor of all preceding generations, and the many who produce the wealth inherit nothing. (We often forget what wealth is. It is the stored-up labor of men, women, and little children. Money does not create anything. Money is about as productive as a wheel revolving in a void. It has value only in proportion to the toil and sweat of human hands that went into the getting of it.)

During the past century man has gained greater mastery over the forces of nature than he ever had before. Consequently the wealth produced in the world has increased a hundredfold. With the help of the machines he has invented, man can produce enough to provide necessaries, comforts, and even some luxuries for every human being. But in spite of this enormously greater productive power the condition of the workers has not essentially improved. Because the industrial system under which we live denies them the fruits of their labor, they have not received their fair share in the products of civilization. As a matter of fact, machinery has widened the gulf between those who own and those who toil. It has become a means of perpetuating man's slavery, because it may be run by unskilled laborers who receive low wages, which of course increases the profits of employers and stockholders. So the workers become part of the machines they manipulate; but the machine is expensive, while human life is cheap. When the workers can no longer live, they go on strike, and what happens? The masters evict them from the hovels that they called home; the police and militia break up their protest-meetings, imprison their leaders, and, when they can, drive them out of town. This appalling condition of things exists in many different parts of our country at this moment. For even the Constitution does not safeguard the liberties of the workers when their interests are opposed to those of the capitalists. Our administration of justice, which blind leaders used to tell us was a splendid inheritance from our fathers, is grossly unequal and unjust. It is based on a system of money fees. It is so encumbered at every step with technicalities that it is necessary to employ experts at great cost to explain and interpret the law. Then, too, all petty offenses are punishable by fine or imprisonment. This means that the poor will always be punished, while the rich are usually allowed to go free.

We cannot longer shut our eyes to these glaring evils. They divide the world into economic classes antagonistic to each other. It is because of all these undeniable evils that I am the determined foe of the capitalist system, which denies the workers the rights of human beings. I consider it fundamentally wrong, radically unjust and cruel. It inflicts purposeless misery upon millions of my fellow men and women. It robs little children of the joy of life, embitters motherhood, breaks the bodies of men and degrades their manhood. It must, therefore, be changed, it must be destroyed, and a better, saner, kinder social order established. Competition must give place to co-operation, and class antagonism to brotherhood. "Each for all" is a far more stimulating and effective doctrine than "each for himself." Private ownership of land and the means of production and distribution of the necessaries of life must be replaced by public ownership and democratic management.

Oh, no, it is not human nature that we have to change. Our task is not so difficult as that. All that is necessary to make this world a comfortable abode for man is to abolish the capitalist system. In the words of Sir Oliver Lodge, "we have entered upon the period of conscious evolution, and have begun the adaptation of environment to organism." In other words, we have learned to curb and utilize the forces of nature. The time of blind struggle is drawing to a close. The forces governing the law of the survival of the fittest will continue to operate; but they will be under the conscious, intelligent control of man.

In all my reading I am conscious of a multitudinous discontent. Slowly man is waking up. He is rubbing his eyes and

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muttering to himself: "There's something wrong with the world. Considering how hard I work I get mighty little in return. I don't see that with a hundred steel plows I get more bread than my forebears who used a wooden plow. I am no better clad, since one machine does the work of a thousand hands, than my ancestors who wore homespun garments. There's a public school in every city and town, but I don't see that my children are the better taught. We have many things that don't count—cheap ornaments, tawdry clothes, patent medicines, and food made to sell, not to eat. This is not reasonable. I will arise and find out why things are as they are." That is what all the "noise" is about. The people—the great "common herd"—are finding out what is wrong with the social, political, and economic structure of the system of which they are a part. The workers—the producers of all the wealth in the world—are chafing at the narrow bounds of their lives. They fret and fume like hounds, and strain at the leash of industrial bondage. They are weary of old trammels, old burdens, creeds outworn, tired of feasting on emptiness and digesting in imagination. The masters find the aroused workman a loud, egotistical animal, a "paid agitator." This is not a time of gentleness, of timid beginnings that steal into life with soft apologies and dainty grace. It is a time of loud-voiced, open speech and fearless thinking, a time of striving and conscious manhood, a time of all that is robust and vehement and bold, a time radiant with new ideals, new hopes of a true democracy. I love it, for it thrills me and gives me a feeling that I shall face great and terrible things. I am a child of my generation, and I rejoice that I live in such a splendidly disturbing age. Through the centuries, in spite of hindrances, persecutions, obloquy, "what is to be picks its way" without apology, without fear. Without asking your leave the new order emerges from the old. To the powerful this condition of things is too absurd for patience—the opposition of unreasoning iconoclasts to the traditions of the fathers and the sacred rights of private property; and so they reinforce the police department and call out the militia. In their blindness they think that they can stay the onward march of that dynamic power, silence the voice of God in the land. Those blind ones are but hastening the day when every yoke shall be broken from the necks of men. Crushed, stupefied by terrible poverty, the workers yet demand that they shall have some of the beauty, some of the comforts, some of the luxuries which they have produced. They shall demand, and neither courts, legislatures, nor armies shall prevent the millions from slowly regaining that which the millions have created.

The young generation is beginning to realize this, and new ideas about the workers of the world, about women and children, are "flashing meteor-like through the darkness where we live." Sophistication and greed are instilled characters, and are fortunately not transmitted to offspring by inheritance. The sun of brotherhood is emerging from the eclipse. It is this light that has waked us. It is showing us what we should see in our fellow-men. We are finding out that workmen are not mere machines, they are Men and Women. Imagination, sympathy, and growing knowledge compel us to share in their suffering and in their desires. We are uniting our senses, our hands, and our feelings to end cruel conditions under which millions live, work, and die.

Already thousands of earnest men and women have their faces turned towards this light, and by it they are daily guided in their lives, their thoughts, their work. Steadily, surely, the new light is growing, spreading like the morning upon all lands. Broad and broader it glows, and it shall glow until it shines upon all the dark days of humanity. It is a light coming to those who looked for light and found darkness, a life to them who looked for the grave and were bitter in spirit. It shall open all blind hearts, and it shall make evident to every human soul our close dependence upon one another in all the changes, the joys, the sorrows of the world. It is a light which shall banish the cloud of ignorance and the shadow of man-wrought death. At last the deaf, blind, dumb multitude shall find its soul, shall find its tongue! Erect and proud shall all men earn their bread and eat it; for the stigma of labor shall be blotted out forever. The workers shall be no more parts of machines, but masters of them. We shall all stand together; we shall look to each other always for aid and joy, and no one shall be told, "Every man for himself." The hands of all men shall support all men, and we shall dwell in safety. We shall know happiness not bought at the cost of another's misery. We shall be "fellow-workers unto the kingdom of God."

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BY THE WAY

Mr. Frank N. Meyer, explorer in China for the United States Department of Agriculture, has found that Chinese chestnut trees are being attacked by the same blight that has ravaged our trees, but that the Chinese chestnuts are not killed by the blight. The Department hopes to use this discovery by producing a hybrid tree here that will, like the Chinese varieties, withstand the disease effectually.

Hiram Percy Maxim, the inventor, has taken out a patent for a silencer for gas engines. Thank you! Now one for riveting-machines, for street cars, and for the man who cries "Extras"!

Madame Curie was described by Sir Oliver Lodge at the recent meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science as the greatest of all women scientists. With the modesty of a really fine character, she could hardly be persuaded by Sir Oliver to take a front place, or by any one to talk about herself or her work.

"In spite of high tariff," says the "American Agriculturist," "United States trade with Canada has doubled within three years. The new tariff will be much lower, and therefore may boom such business still more."

Never in the history of the world has a nation been so prosperous as ours, says "The Human Factor," and yet—there are 17,000,000 unmarried adults in the United States; 9,000,000 of these are women, and 7,226,000 are men between the ages of 20 and 44. Something in our civilization is out of joint, apparently. Can the Chinese, among whom bachelors and old maids are almost unknown, teach us anything about the basic laws of a proper scheme of life?

Salvini, the great Italian tragedian, at the age of eighty-four is still a noble figure of a man, according to Mr. Owen Johnson, the novelist, who has recently interviewed the famous actor. Salvini deprecates the present style of acting and clings to the belief that the aristocratic school of acting will return to the stage. "He insists," says Mr. Johnson, "that the classic note cannot be preserved except by the classic style."

Talk about the efficiency of machinery! Here is a milk-producing machine, the most efficient in the world, that in a year has produced 18,783 pounds of milk. That figures out about 360 pounds, or, say, half the machine's own weight, every week! It is a Jersey cow at the Michigan Agricultural College that has made this astonishing record.

The problem of "mixed marriages" has usually concerned itself with Roman Catholics and Protestants, but a pathetic case just taken to the courts was as to the burial of a child of Christian-Jewish parents. The municipal authorities finally interred the body, while the unreconciled parents went to law over the matter. Two people capable of this procedure assume a risk of tragedy by any sort of marriage—a double risk by an alliance of this kind.

If the fashion that calls for sheer fabrics for women's garments continues another season, a Filipino product, piña cloth, may be largely imported. It is made half of silk and half of pineapple fiber, and has heretofore been regarded as too thin for use outside of the tropics; but Dame Fashion may conclude to seize it for her very own for the streets of New York and Paris.

The late M. C. D. Borden was dissatisfied with his steam yacht Sovereign because it made only 35 miles an hour. Under his orders it was reconstructed, and on a recent trial between the Battery and Sandy Hook it traveled at the rate of 40 miles an hour, making the trip between the two points in 35 minutes. The Sovereign is not a motor boat, but is a substantial steel vessel 166 feet in length and 16½ feet wide.

Even forty miles an hour is slow time for the racing motor boats which recently competed in England. The English boat, Maple Leaf IV, went over the course of 32-odd miles in a trifle over 40 minutes in the deciding race, beating the American contestant by some 3 minutes. The first race was won by a boat of French construction.

C. N. and A. M. Williamson's novel, "The Lightning Conductor," is to be—"movied," shall we say? A moving picture adaptation of the book has been made by a company of actors and actresses that undertook a 4,600-mile journey in Europe for the purpose. They traveled in two automobiles, traversing parts of France, Switzerland, and Italy during the trip.

A new presentation of "Romeo and Juliet" will omit the celebrated balcony scene which is a tradition of that play. Strangely enough, the word "balcony" does not appear in Shakespeare's vast vocabulary.

While newspaper headlines announce that "Summer Residents are Leaving Newport," "Labor Day Closes Vacation Season," etc., an amusing corollary in the bird world is the statement that "New Jersey fish hawks are leaving for the South. They go when the sea gulls arrive, usually between the 10th and 20th of September."

The exports of cotton from Galveston, Texas, for the season just closed show a total of 4,010,691 bales, which is said to be the highest figure ever attained by any cotton port in the world.

A record session of chess occurred recently in a game between Frank J. Marshall, the American champion, and O. Duras, the Bohemian champion. Marshall won after a ten

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hours' contest, in which the loser took forty-eight minutes for the consideration of one move.

Twenty of the twenty-two cities which have doubled in population in the last ten years are in the South and West. The two Northern cities are Schenectady, New York, and Flint, Michigan—the latter place being a kind of overflow meeting for the automobile boom of Detroit.

"There is in Paris," says Samuel P. Orth in the "Atlantic Monthly," "a genuine democracy of mind. Nowhere else in the world is thinking so untrammeled, philosophy so unshackled, science so ardently followed for its own sake and not for gain. Nowhere else is mere opinion so unguided, so free. And nowhere else does it matter so little what you believe or think or do or possess, so long as you are a personality."

A railway man was lately sent to jail for sixty days for neglect of duty which might have resulted in an accident. It was not, however, an officer of a company who was thus punished, but a flagman who was found asleep at his post. If the courts can make an example of a negligent flagman, why not of somebody higher up?

The Rothschilds, it seems, prefer to travel incognito. A member of the famous family of bankers, according to newspaper report, is traveling around the world as Herr von Goldschmidt. Even that name suggests wealth, but it does not invite the charges nor awaken expectation of the tips that would follow the announcement that a genuine "Rothschild" had arrived.

Indications now point to the greatest wheat crop in the country's history. If Government estimates prove correct, the record crop of 1901 will this year be exceeded by 6,000,000 bushels.

"Two weeks in the Adirondacks in September or early October infuse one with more life and vigor than a whole month in July or August," says a newspaper correspondent who advocates late vacations. The only trouble with the fall vacation is that the business stagnation of the summer months gives place to activity in the autumn, and then the workers are wanted on their various jobs.

A Negro girl, says the New York "Sun," will pay the largest income tax in Oklahoma. This girl, Sarah Rector, is only ten years old, but she gets a share in the product of the Jones Gusher, described as "the biggest producing well in the mid-continent field." The share will amount to $112,000 a year.

The Salvation Army seems never to lack up-to-date appliances in doing its work. The newspapers announce that six automobiles carrying young women exhorters are making a tour of New York and New Jersey to "preach to the idle rich." The exhorters will specially seek to influence women who are indifferent to religion, but men also will be preached to, if they are willing to listen.

A St. Clairsville, Ohio, experimenter announces that he has produced an odorless onion. But who wants an odorless onion? It's that pungent smell going up to one's eyes that constitutes the onion's most endearing quality. As well bleach the lily or take away another hue from the rainbow as to deprive the onion of its odorific essence!

A homecraft course introduced into a New York City high school for girls plans to teach the 65 per cent of its girls who marry how to take care of their households. Even if the girl who takes this course doesn't marry, the training will, says Dr. Rowe, the principal of the school, "fit her to earn her living as an up-to-date housekeeper." Homecraft courses might well be introduced everywhere.

The "lure of the wild," so far as the New York City man is concerned, would seem to be fairly met by the opportunities offered to him to go fishing. Thirty-five steamboats advertise in the columns of one daily paper that they will give the fisherman a chance to enjoy his favorite diversion. Most of them seductively add, "Fare includes bait."

Professor Münsterberg describes in the current "Century Magazine" an interesting experiment showing the difference between men and women jurors in susceptibility to argument. A jury of college men voted as to a question of fact; the first vote showed 52 per cent right; after ten minutes of discussion 76 per cent gave the correct answer. With a similar jury of college women the first vote showed 45 per cent right; after discussion the vote remained precisely the same—45 per cent giving the correct answer. This perhaps only shows that women don't like to "give in" to other women's arguments. What if the jury had been composed of an equal number of men and women?

Chicago public schools are using motion pictures to show children how to avoid accidents due to street traffic. Eighty-three children were killed by such accidents in that city in 1912, and this sensible course of instruction will, it is hoped, diminish these fatalities.

"Learn fairly to swim, as I with all men were taught to do in their youth; they would on many occurrences be the safer for having that skill, and on many more the happier, as freer from painful apprehensions of danger." The grammar of this advice by Benjamin Franklin is perhaps not impeccable, but the good sense of the sentiment is beyond criticism. The recent death by drowning of the only daughter of a New York business man through a misstep while on her father's yacht, and the long list of similar tragedies every summer, make the extract worth remembering and applying practically.

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